New Statesman

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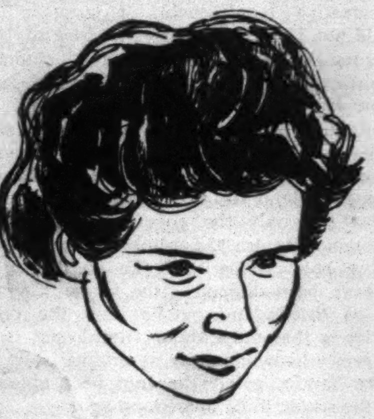

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Michael Tippett on Beethoven

Gouverner, C'est Choisir!

'To govern is to choose'. Pierre Mendès-France's famous slogan should be illuminated, framed and hung over Mr Macmillan's desk. For all the difficulties in which his government is increasingly embroiled spring from his neglect of this elementary precept. Over the whole range of public policy, the Cabinet is confronted with sharp alternatives; and on every issue, it has taken refuge in fuzzy and ineffective compromise.

Take, for instance, economic policy. The government appears to have accepted the theoretical need for planning; by imposing a pay pause (where it has the physical power to do so), it has even tried to carry it into practice. But it is unwilling to seek further powers to make the pause work (or even to risk a showdown with labour where strike action could be effective), still less to impose equal restrictions on business. This week the Chancellor sought to impress the TUC with the 'urgency' of the situation; but there is no sense of urgency in his hesitant and supine fumblings with a capital-gains tax. Two recent pay-awards have breached the wage-pause; but meanwhile the 'voluntary restriction' on dividends has been utterly swept away, sluice gates and all.

The choice between the Common Market and the Commonwealth is even clearer. As the negotiations proceed (and, in particular, as the Six move rapidly towards a political union), it becomes daily more obvious that Britain's entry cannot be reconciled with her political, economic or even military obligations to the Commonwealth. Mr Heath's 'secret' speech implicitly recognises this fact: it has the abject tone of a beaten belligerent suing for an armistice. But it is in sharp contrast to the bombast of Mr Sandys at Brighton and to the Premier's woolly attempts to reassure his Empire back-benchers. The choice the government will make is still obscure; but its present tactics seem certain to secure for us at one and the same time the minimum terms and the maximum resentment among both the Commonwealth and the Six.

The 17th Earl of Derby, said Sir Douglas Haig, 'is like a cushion. He bears the impression of the last person to have sat on him.' On immigration, the government has a straight choice between its real desire to impose a colour-bar and its anxiety to preserve the myth of multi-racialism. By trying to ape Lord Derby, and yield to conflicting pressures, it has produced a bill which is hypocritical, offensive and, in all probability, unworkable. In civil aviation, it has tried to reconcile its duty to the national corporations with its promise to 'set the air-lanes free'. The result is to uphold the BOAC monopoly on the North Atlantic and to deal a devastating blow to BEA in Europe.

Most odious of all is the government's failure to take a straight decision on conscription. National or Selective Service is rejected; but the government is equally unwilling to trim its defence commitments to accommodate its political cowardice. Instead, the burden is placed upon a particular group of conscripts, on the assumption that they are electorally insignificant.

Even at a personal level there is the same creeping paralysis. Mr Macmillan's recent Cabinet reshuffle, initially hailed as a masterpiece of political skill, has in fact left him with two competing heirs apparent. As Messrs Butler and Macleod cannot even agree on their accommodation in the Commons, it is not surprising that government business is in confusion, and Tory back-benchers bewildered. The root of the trouble, of course, lies in the Premier's own inability to decide what sort of a politician he is. Intellectually a progressive, he is by temperament a High Tory: his brain and his bowels are rarely in close communion. In this he accurately reflects the dilemma of his own party. While attention has been focused exclusively on Labour's struggles to determine its 'image', the same process (skilfully concealed behind an advertising facade) is at work on the government benches. It is still unresolved. Meanwhile, the nation stagnates in a dynamic world.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Bubble that Burst

ANTHONY HOWARD

'Hon. Gentlemen opposite may not care about the Commonwealth, but we do' – Rt Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, *Hansard*, 27 November 1961, column 36.

In politics, of course, cows do occasionally jump over moons – and when they do we are perhaps entitled, like the cat, to laugh at seeing such fun. Lately at Westminster there have been, in fact, some very strange sights and some quite extraordinary sounds. To begin merely with the Order Paper: those who were still reeling at last summer's shattering surprise at seeing Mr Jack Mendelson (the left-wing Labour MP for Penistone) hand in glove with Mr Robin Turton (the ultra-Conservative from Thirsk and Malton) got a fresh shock this week. There in the 'notices of amendments to motions' was Mrs Barbara Castle not merely shoulder to shoulder with Mr Turton and Sir Derek Walker-Smith, but also cheek by jowl with Mr Denis Howell (the leading figure behind Labour's right-flanking Campaign for Democratic Socialism). And the reason was naturally the obvious one – the Common Market with the added poignancy tacked onto it of the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill.

Looking back, it seems clear that the Labour Party's effort this week to float the Brussels Leakage balloon was nothing more than a preliminary sporting exercise in what traditionally has been the Conservative Party's private estate. It was not, in fact (despite his indignation), Mr Gaitskell's finest hour – for within half-an-hour the balloon had drooped to the ground sadly punctured. But by then enough had been said – or so one would have thought – to dictate the Labour Party's tactics on the Common Market from now on. Somewhere in Mr Gaitskell's mind there seems to have formed a vision of a dragon (Mr Macmillan's Tory Party), a maiden (a betrayed and beleaguered Commonwealth) and a St George (a heroic Labour Party rushing forward – if necessary to the hustings – on a mission of rescue and deliverance).

Nor is the vision entirely mythical. Why the government should have chosen this moment to introduce its astonishingly ill-conceived, ill-considered and ill-drafted Commonwealth Immigrants Bill may remain one of the unsolved mysteries of history. For the effect of it has been to cement the potentially threatening alliance between the Commonwealth lobby in the Conservative Party and the Opposition – and also to bring home to the Labour Party that nearly all the arguments it is currently using on behalf of Sir Grantley Adams and Mr Norman Manley over Commonwealth immigration apply with an equal validity to Mr Diefenbaker and Mr Holyoake over the Common Market. One almost suspects that if anyone 'detests' the government's Immigration Bill more than Mr Iain Macleod (who rather clouds the issue by introducing his hatred of the reasons for it as well), then it is probably Mr Roy Jenkins or Lord Gladwyn. For with its introduction there surely died their last remaining hope of keeping the Labour Party to even a passive pro-Common Market point of view.

The question, of course, still remains of how far Mr Gaitskell is prepared to go. And here it may be permissible to introduce a strange quirk in his character. The Leader of the Opposition is never more stubborn or intransigent than when under criticism or attack. If Monday's exploit into a fatherly protection of the Commonwealth (and, in particular, of a robustly Conservative government of Canada) had been a glorious success, then it is possible to believe that the Labour Party might have found itself encouraged by its leader from that moment on to leave the matter well alone. The fact that it was an ignominious failure (when Mr Heath's original text was published the bubble of any sinister scandal simply burst) seems certain to ensure that Mr Gaitskell will return to the charge again and again – the more so as he himself has been widely criticised for his handling of the issue.

If Mr Gaitskell is now seriously in business as a defender of the Commonwealth there will, of course, be some fairly far-reaching political consequences. Mr Heath on Monday may well have had his greatest success as a government front-bench spokesman yet; but the fact of that success has not quite managed to alter the impression that the government in its Common Market negotiations is not quite washing with Camay soap. Somewhere about the whole business there still clings a distasteful smell. And if the Labour Party from now on proposes to sniff the atmosphere vigilantly, the government will plainly have to abandon all hope of conducting its parleyings with the Six in the discreet atmosphere it originally had in mind.

The stakes naturally are high – if only because the Labour leadership until now has been as reluctant about being forced into an anti-European position as Mr Macmillan has been about being compelled into an anti-Commonwealth one. But events such as those of last Monday seem bound to command their logic – and for the first time it looks as if the next election (coming sooner rather than later) could conceivably be fought between a Labour Party championing the cause of the Commonwealth and a Conservative Party rallying to a faith in Europe.

* * *

The virulence and bitterness of Mr Aubrey Jones' onslaught on the government over its call-up proposals this week clearly took the Conservative front-bench by surprise. It should not, however, really have done so, for Mr Jones is the forgotten man of modern Toryism; and in politics it is the neglected people who are usually dangerous.

Certainly the former Minister of Supply (at 50 the youngest of the rather sad group of Conservative ex-ministers in the House of Commons) built up a massive indictment against not only the government's present proposals but also the whole history of its defence policy since 1957. To do that may not have been difficult – the whole story is one of shreds and patches and the only wonder is that the Labour front-bench (still apparently ham-strung by its original support of the Sandys policy) has not been able to tear the whole thing apart long ago.

Yet the intriguing aspect of Mr Aubrey Jones' speech lay in the fact that it so clearly broke all the rules. The attack was not only on policies – it was also on individuals. As well as the open questioning of the Prime Minister's motives in not being able to confess an error, there were the disparaging references to the Minister of Defence (Mr Watkinson) and the Secretary of State for War (Mr Profumo). It was these which plainly shocked the majority of Conservative back-benchers – who at one point seemed scarcely able to believe their ears.

They should perhaps have cast their minds back four years. They might then have remembered that Mr Jones (at the time a rising Tory Minister of Fuel and Power) was in the post-Suez fiasco of petrol rationing forced to carry the whole can on behalf of the government, while the men at the Ministry of Transport escaped with their reputations unscathed. The then Minister of Transport was Mr Watkinson; his Under-Secretary was Mr Profumo. Perhaps old scores, like the old soldiers, never die.

* * *

It is easy to grow cynical in watching politicians – and to agree with Lloyd George that 'there is no friendship at the top'. It therefore deserves to be recorded that the reason that Mr Gaitskell was away from the House of Commons last Tuesday was that he had cancelled all his appointments and taken the first available train to Wakefield to see Miss Alice Bacon who is seriously ill in hospital there.

There can be two political views of Miss Bacon – especially in her role as chairman of the Labour Party's publicity committee. And there can even be more than two of Mr Gaitskell as leader of the Labour Party. But Mr Gaitskell's gesture of personal loyalty and regard seems open only to a single interpretation. That Lloyd George was wrong – and that even in politics (as the Liberal slogan had it at the last election) people count.

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NEXT WEEK

The Illusion of Civil Defence

An authoritative 4-page feature by GERARD PIEL, *Publisher of the 'Scientific American', critically examining US civil defence plans and their political and strategic implications.*

Comments on the Week's News

The ETU

Changing the Rules

It was a foregone conclusion that the Communists would use their control of the ETU rules revision conference – the delegates were picked when the CP apparatus was working smoothly – to offset their defeat in the union executive elections. The three main changes made at Hastings give ultimate power to the annual policy conference, in which the Communists still hope to command a good many votes; permit suspended officials the right of appeal to that conference; and ensure security of tenure for full-time officials over the age of 55. These changes certainly provide the Communist machine with prepared positions to which it can retreat when the new executive takes office in January, but they do not mean that it will be able automatically to regain the degree of control it had before the court case and the recent executive elections.

In the first place, if elections are fairly conducted, the number of Communists elected to the policy conference is likely to be greatly reduced. Even this year, at Portsmouth, there was a sizeable minority opposed to the Haxell-Foulkes leadership; next May, the delegates will have been chosen under the eye of the new executive. Secondly, the new executive is made up of active and predominantly left-wing members of the Labour Party, who will no longer be fighting under the disadvantages previously imposed on them by fraud, intimidation and skilful use of the rule book. Thirdly, the Communist Party itself is divided about its future tactics.

The party has been gravely embarrassed by the behaviour of its ETU fraction, and some senior Communists believe that if Haxell and the others lose their appeal from Mr Justice Wynn's judgment, they should be expelled from the party – no doubt as 'Stalinists' responsible for 'errors and excesses'. In that case, an attempt would be made to build up a new 'reformed' or 22nd Congress-style party apparatus in the ETU, probably under the leadership of Mr 'Honest John' Hendy.

Moscow

Protecting Leningrad

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The visit of Halvard Lange, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, was arranged long before the Russian notes to Finland of 30 October brought the Baltic into the area of international tension. But naturally President Kekkonen's presence here has meant that in refuting Soviet allegations against Norway's role in Nato, Lange has been seeking to relieve Soviet pressure on Finland as well as protecting the interests of his own country.

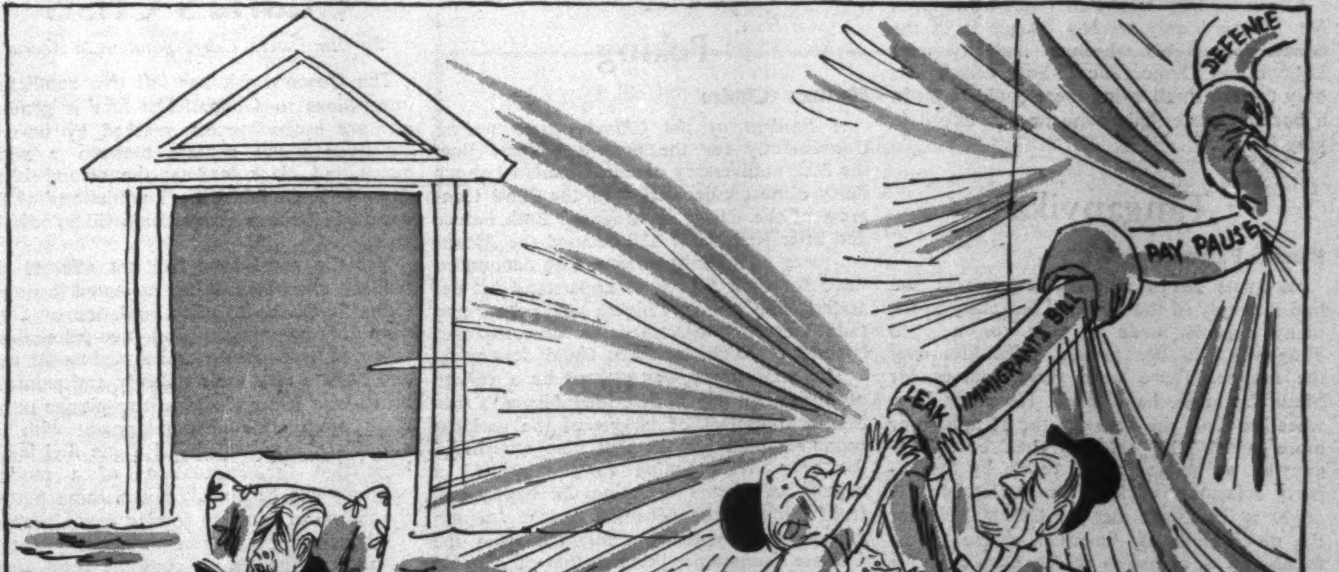
The Russian insistence that the situation in Scandinavia is worsening probably derives from the increasing attention being given here to the nation's defences in the light of conventional warfare. A great deal of thought has been put into analysing the political and strategic mistakes made by Stalin and his advisers in the period between Munich and June 1941, when the Germans atacked the USSR. One of Stalin's cardinal blunders, it is now felt, was to be too slow in securing Russia's Baltic flank, thus exposing Leningrad to first attack. There is the utmost determination to forestall any building up by Germany of politico-military positions in Scandinavia. Hence the depth of the suspicions aroused by Strauss's visit to Norway and of West Germany's growing influence in the Nato Baltic command. The argument that Moscow is over-estimating German military potentialities, which is being used with quiet authority by Swedish diplomats, has no effect here. Nor does anything but scorn meet the classic western argument that a Germany controlled by Nato is no menace to the Soviet Union. So convinced are the Russians of the contrary that they see nothing incompatible with the principles of peaceful coexistence in their stern warnings to Halvard Lange that Norway's present course could lead to the total obliteration of the country in the event of war. The most the Russians can hope for in this argument is that Lange will leave more determined than ever to keep nuclear rocket bases off Norwegian soil.

Sydney

Menzies plays it cool

A special correspondent in Sydney writes: After the first week of the campaign, Mr Arthur Calwell's Australian Labour Party looked as if it had its best chance of winning a federal election since it lost power in 1949. Mr Menzies had given Mr Calwell plenty to campaign about – a blundering deflationary policy which has left over 100,000 jobless, and a foreign policy which in Suez, South Africa and the UN implied that power politics have not changed since the 19th century. Mr Calwell is making the best of his chance.

But he is still unlikely to win. The Menzies government has a record majority of 32 in the House of Representatives and it would require a swing of seven per cent throughout the country to unseat it. Even in the most marginal seats (there are 17 government members whose majorities range from 50 to 5,831), Labour is too disorganised to be able to swing the votes, basically because it still



has not recovered from the purges of the mid-1950's when Dr Evatt's attack on Mr Santamaria's Catholic faction led to the formation of the Democratic Labour Party, and left the rest of the ALP split between a demoralised opportunistic right-wing and a left-wing that collaborates with Communists. Mr Calwell is not the sort of leader to take the strong measures necessary to restore party unity, and however much he papers over the cracks, the party has rarely before had less confidence in itself.

In Victoria, where its state executive is sometimes indistinguishable from a Communist front and party branches are folding up through lack of members, it even lost a seat in the recent state elections, despite rising unemployment and a business slump. In addition the Democratic Labour Party, which has not decided whether it wants ultimately to rejoin a reformed Labour Party or develop into a permanent third party, continues to split the Labour vote and give its first preference votes to Menzies candidates. In the 1958 Federal election 14 Labour candidates were defeated solely by these DLP preferences going to government candidates.

Australia badly needs a radical party and Labour is the obvious vehicle for radical ideas. But although the federal constitution has made nationalisation impossible, this has not stimulated thinking about alternative techniques. Revisionism has hardly touched it yet and it still talks the class-war language which prosperity has reduced to a quaint dialect. Its leaders have almost no contact with productivity-minded economists. So when Mr Calwell finished attacking Mr Menzies he had little to offer except increased social services. In foreign policy he was committed by his left-wing to attack Seato, in the name of neutralism, and by his right-wing to support it, in the national interest. He therefore recommended it be converted into a cultural agency. The measure of his modernity and leadership is seen in his objection to 'the conscription of Australian youth to serve under Asian commanders'.

Confronted by 'new thinking' of this level, Mr Menzies' only serious danger is in the Senate where his absolute majority over Labour and Democratic Labour senators is only two: a small swing there could result in a hostile Senate. Otherwise he can afford to play it cool.

Tanganyika

Famine Farewell

TRISTRAM BETTS *writes:* We have at last had the reply of the Colonial Secretary to the many appeals made to him for help to Tanganyika in her present difficulties over the famine. There were three courses Mr Maudling might have taken. He might have wheedled from the Treasury the £1 million or more which the calamity has cost Tanganyika, as he was asked to do by the all-party delegation of MPs on 30 October. He might at least have met the £300,000 bill for the distribution of American maize to the famine areas, as has so readily been done for Kenya. Or he might have made immediately available the funds already promised for 1963-4, so as to give Tanganyika a breathing space and avert the disruption of the Development Plan. But he has done none of these things. He has, in fact, returned a categorical refusal to give Tanganyika any help whatsoever, of any kind, beyond the financial agreement reached last August before the impact of the famine had been significantly felt.

The length of time he has taken to reach this decision is perhaps an indication that his refusal emanates, not from his own desires and judgement, but from the Treasury. But he still has to make a case for rejecting Mr Nyerere's appeal for help and the representations made, not only by the delegation, but also from both sides of the House during the debate on the Tanganyika Independence Bill. The arguments he uses are based on the alleged generosity of the financial agreement already reached with Tanganyika and on the territory's prospects of further financial aid after independence from West Germany, the US and other sources. But the latter, of course, are still unspecified and will take time to negotiate, and as for the former, was it really so generous? To cover her transition to independence, and as a contribution to the current Development Plan which was approved by Britain, Tanganyika is to receive, between 1961 and 1964, £8½ million in grants and £13 million in loans. But of the grant aid more than half is money already allocated, while the whole sum represents little more than 6s a year per head of population. Of the loans £9 million is exclusively for the compensation and pensions schemes of the mainly British civil service, leaving only £4 million for productive development. And although £6 million of these loans (for civil service compensation) is interest-free, the terms for the rest are such that they will add an immediate burden of £500,000 a year to Tanganyika's already overstrained budget. This currently runs at only £21 million a year and is likely to be further depleted by the effects on the economy of this year's crop failures and the loss of a million head of domestic livestock.

In any case, this financial agreement was arrived at as a basis for normal planning for the territory, to which the cost of the famine is an unforeseen and disastrous addition. The famine itself, moreover, has occurred while Britain is still the responsible authority.

Peking

Hoxha's Choice

A Student of the Chinese press writes: Conveniently for the present Chinese line, the 20th anniversary of the Albanian Labour Party almost coincided with the 22nd Congress of the CPSU in Moscow. Both before and after Krushchev had accused the Albanian party of Stalinist excesses and denounced them for their failure to understand his de-Stalinisation policy, Chinese newspapers and radio fulsomely described the Sino-Albanian friendship which 'no force could destroy'.

The anniversary was greeted by a variety of stories. All papers described Albania's successful fulfilment of targets of the national economic plan for the first nine months of the year. *Kwang-ming Jih-pao* printed a column of photos depicting the happy and fruitful life of the Albanian people. *Jen-min Jih-pao* front-paged the message from the Chinese Communist Party to that of Albania with whom they had formed a 'profound comradeship-in-arms'. 'By persistently waging a principled, resolute struggle against Yugoslav modern revisionism, it has played an important role in preserving the purity of Marxism-Leninism'.

Many tributes to the Albanian Labour Party as the infallible exponent of the purest Marxism-Leninism appeared in the Chinese press. Most significant of all was the article written by Mehmet Shehu, a member of the Albanian Politbureau, in the *Jen-min Jih-pao.* Writing at a moment when Moscow had already demoted Stalin from the mausoleum he said: 'The teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin are the reliable compass of our Party.' He made a vicious onslaught on the 'modern revisionists' especially Yugoslav, and then in phrases which undoubtedly also reflect the Chinese line, claimed that the purity of Albanian Communist theory rested on the fact that they 'had always seen clearly the danger of revisionism to the Communist movement'.

This identity of Chinese and Albanian policy was earlier implied by the *Jen-min Jih-pao's* publicity for an editorial in the Albanian Communist paper *Zeri i Popullit* and its treatment of Mr Krushchev's attack on Albanian at the CPSU's 22nd Congress. The rally in Peking on 8 November was used by the Albanian Ambassador in China to reply to Mr K. His speech was widely reported in the Chinese press. 'It is regrettable,' he said, 'that the platform of the 22nd Congress of the CPSU was used by some persons to attack the Albanian Labour Party and to slander it without any grounds. . . . Is this not crude intervention by one party in the internal affairs of another? . . . The splitters of the Socialist camp and of the international Communist and working-class movement bear grave responsibility before the whole of progressive mankind.'

Although it was ten days after its delivery in Tirana, *Jen-min Jih-pao* gave 3½ pages to the full text of Enver Hoxha's attack on Mr K., accusing him of joining 'the chorus of Tito and Karamanlis who allege that we are the Balkan warmongers.'

Albania's 'correct political line' is thus now very familiar to the Chinese people. Their newspapers do not attack the Soviet elephant directly, but they use the Albanian flea to tickle his feet.

Ghana's Crisis

By Our Special Correspondent in Accra

The Queen's visit has left two conflicting impressions in Ghana. The first is genuine pleasure at its success, marked by un-self-conscious social contact between a white queen and black leaders; the second is an angry feeling against the 'humiliations' of the debate in Britain about the 'wisdom' of the visit.

Yet the royal tour has not affected the political crisis here. It can be stated in simple terms. Is Ghana to reject and destroy every form of colonialism and neo-colonialism, refuse to seek foreign capital, tighten its belt, and build a new society slowly and painfully on its own savings? Or is it to plunge into a crash programme of development with the aid of any overseas capital it can find in the hope that the foundations of a modern economy can be quickly laid without putting the nation in pawn to foreign capitalists?

Ghanaians would like to get the best of both these worlds, to continue their social and economic progress, together with expensive foreign policies, without becoming beholden to any foreigner. Sometimes it has seemed that the government believed it could achieve this ideal. Many of the difficulties of the past year are due to the painful fact that a semi-developed country of less than seven million people cannot achieve the impossible in a hard-hearted world.

Ghana today is the most exciting place in the African continent. Its people are warm-hearted, volatile and impetuous. They are the pioneers in African independence, are ever-ready to help all other Africans to achieve nationhood and to show the world that they are capable of taking a leading part in global affairs. But they are like other human beings; when they are asked to accept lower wages and pay more for their food they grumble. Thus the July budget, designed to meet a severe deficit, raised prices by the imposition of a purchase tax and lowered wages by a forced saving of five per cent. It quickly brought a hostile reaction to the government. This might not have been so severe if it had been handled with greater psychological imagination.

Nkrumah's dawn broadcast in April undoubtedly created an initial sense of idealism: his demand that ostentatious living by Ministers and other public figures must stop, offset the widespread cynicism created by the contrast between austerity for the masses and lavish spending by the leaders. If that broadcast had been followed by drastic action the budget might have been accepted in an idealist spirit. But little happened between April and July. Nor did the budget provisions inspire a spirit of sacrifice. If Ministers had set an example by reducing their own salaries the reaction might have been different. The situation became worse when the President, perhaps the only man completely trusted by the nation, left on an overseas tour the day after the budget speech.

It is not surprising that at this point Ghanaian good-humour was strained too far. The strike of railway and harbour workers in Takoradi was aimed at the government and the trade union leadership. Some of its leaders were prominent party men. This was a political revolt stimulated by economic grievances. All appeals by the party leaders fell on deaf ears: the strikers demanded a change of policy, and they had hopes of spreading the strike throughout the country.

When Nkrumah returned from abroad he found his government in danger. Moreover, such a tense situation encouraged the Opposition to play for party advantage against the CPP regime. To appease the party discontents the President sacrificed his two closest colleagues, Botsio and Gbedemah, together with other old comrades, as evidence that he would take action against high living. It was to avoid the danger that the Opposition would capitalise on the unrest that he detained its leaders, as well as those who had promoted the strike.

Two questions are immediately raised by these measures. Did the palace revolution in the Cabinet satisfy the expectations raised by the dawn broadcast? And did the use of preventive detention abrogate the rule of law? The Cabinet changes may have slightly appeased the critics of ministerial high living, but their effect was diminished when others who remained ministers and leading public servants were known to be as bad as those who were removed for using their office for private gain. It is much more than a coincidence that Botsio and Gbedemah represented the older, conventional view of party and government policy, whilst the new possessors of power come from the younger radical group within the CPP which demands a 'Socialist' and 'anti-colonial' policy.

It is this group, too, which regards the rule of law as an outworn relic of the colonial powers. Their attitude is that those who

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seriously oppose the government are guilty of treason; if they are put on trial the complexities of the law may allow them to escape; if they are tried for treason they might have to be executed; so it is best for all concerned to detain them by executive order.

When the White Paper is published it will no doubt argue that the strike was political, illegal and revolutionary; that it was fomented and supported by overseas firms anxious to overthrow the government; and that all the detainees were involved in this treacherous plot. The actual evidence is unlikely to be accepted by public opinion; the reaction will probably be the cynical one that any government would use such arguments to justify itself. But Ghanaians will not judge their government by its adherence to the rule of law. They expect a government to act toughly towards its opponents, particularly when those opponents include some of the men who are suspected of trying to delay independence in 1957. Nor will they judge it solely by the rise or fall in standards of living. The workers may be persuaded to accept bonds valued at 5 per cent of their wages over £10 a month, and the cocoa farmers induced to take 54 shillings a load instead of 60 shillings. They will, however, do this only if they are convinced that everyone in the country is sharing in the sacrifice for a common ideal.

This ideal may be called 'Socialism'; but it is difficult to justify a policy as Socialist which involves spending a third more on defence than on education; which allows wasteful luxury spending in embassies all over the world; which still permits a striking contrast between the life of leaders and masses; which builds huge, expensive public edifices but leaves many country areas without schools or teachers.

Yet 'African Socialism' can still become Ghana's greatest contribution to the 'African Personality'. Kwame Nkrumah is more isolated and vulnerable than ever before since the dismissal of his nearest colleagues: because he is not only Head of State but also Prime Minister, the actions of his ministers can involve him in criticism. Still, lonely though he must be, he is still the centre of power – and at heart he is an old-fashioned Socialist, who stands against the jingoistic, military concept of nationalism and for equality, justice and humanism. He is grossly overburdened with responsibility and urgently needs officials and lieutenants of integrity and intelligence. If he could now achieve a synthesis of policy between domestic austerity, puritanical public spirit, selective foreign investment and directed national planning, he could solve the dilemma of his nation. This could provide the case-study of African Socialism sorely needed by the whole continent.

Can personal liberty be added to economic achievement? On Nkrumah's statue there is an inscription 'Seek ye first the political kingdom'; it may well be that in Ghana, and in the rest of ex-colonial Africa, the political kingdom of individual liberty can only be found through the creation of a stable economic kingdom which provides a sense of security without which liberty rarely appears.

Smart-Set Socialists

DORIS LESSING

After criticising John Berger's television programme in the New Statesman of 10 November, I got three hysterical telephone calls – two anonymous – a shower of abusive letters and one piece of dirtied lavatory paper. What was all this about? Not whether I was right or wrong about the programme, a point scarcely raised, but because I was publicly criticising a fellow Socialist. Which is where we came in: Berger's letter in the previous issue complained that the Socialist New Statesman criticised Socialists.

Extraordinary! For who are these so touchy Socialists? A group fighting for their lives and their country's future in the Cuban mountains? A minority hunted by the Czarist police or the NKVD? A bunch of early British Socialists necessarily defensive because they have limited means of spreading their ideas? Not at all. British Socialists write articles and draw cartoons for national newspapers, run TV programmes, give TV interviews, make films, are popular playwrights, are generally courted and publicised.

Should we not at least ask why, at a time when 'everyone is a Socialist', we employ, like so many Pavlovian dogs, defensive reflexes proper to other countries? Should we not even ask why so many people are effortlessly Socialist now, when one glance around the world shows that there was never a time harder to think, act or live like a Socialist; or, for that matter, to define what Socialism is? Why is it that the obvious slogan for Britain now is: It's smart to be a Socialist? It is because we are no threat to that senile public school bully who owns and disposes of this country; and who, in his favourite disguise as kindly nanny, croaks: 'Do play children, I like watching you.' Playing is exactly what we are doing.

Five minutes with a non-Establishment Socialist from East Germany or Hungary shows how enviable we are. They must spend their energies on learning how to say what they think through the lines of what they have to write, edit or teach; or on preserving standards in isolated groups. The briefest meeting with that rare bird, an American Socialist, reminds one of the political and psychological effects of living permanently on the defensive. An African nationalist is preoccupied with the basic question: how shall I feed and house the people?

They envy us, thinking we (because we are free from the political and economic pressures that circumscribe them) are offered a unique opportunity that Socialists in no other country and no other time have had: complete freedom to think, to link one idea with another, to develop Socialism imaginatively. They see us, not only as able to challenge our own government with a form of Socialism highly developed in its possibilities for freedom and individuality; but free to speculate in a way that might throw a new Socialist light on the witches' cauldron of good and evil possibilities that the world is now. British Socialists could have shown (had we the will to understand our unique position, instead of enjoyably posturing around in out-of-date or self-indulgent attitudes) an example of what Socialist intellectual responsibility should be.

I think the time is coming when we shall look back and kick ourselves for the opportunities we have lost. It is not likely, in a world where all the pressures are towards conformity, that Britain can wholly escape. No, I don't think that a brutal dictatorship is on the cards, but I can see only too clearly a darkening fog of urbane authoritarianism under which we caper and prance, getting our kicks from shouting insults at the police, thumbing our noses at wicked capitalists from the Royal Court stage, using irrelevant shibboleths like: Socialists should not criticise one another publicly. Shadow-boxing with imaginary enemies, we excuse ourselves for not facing the real pressures on us all.

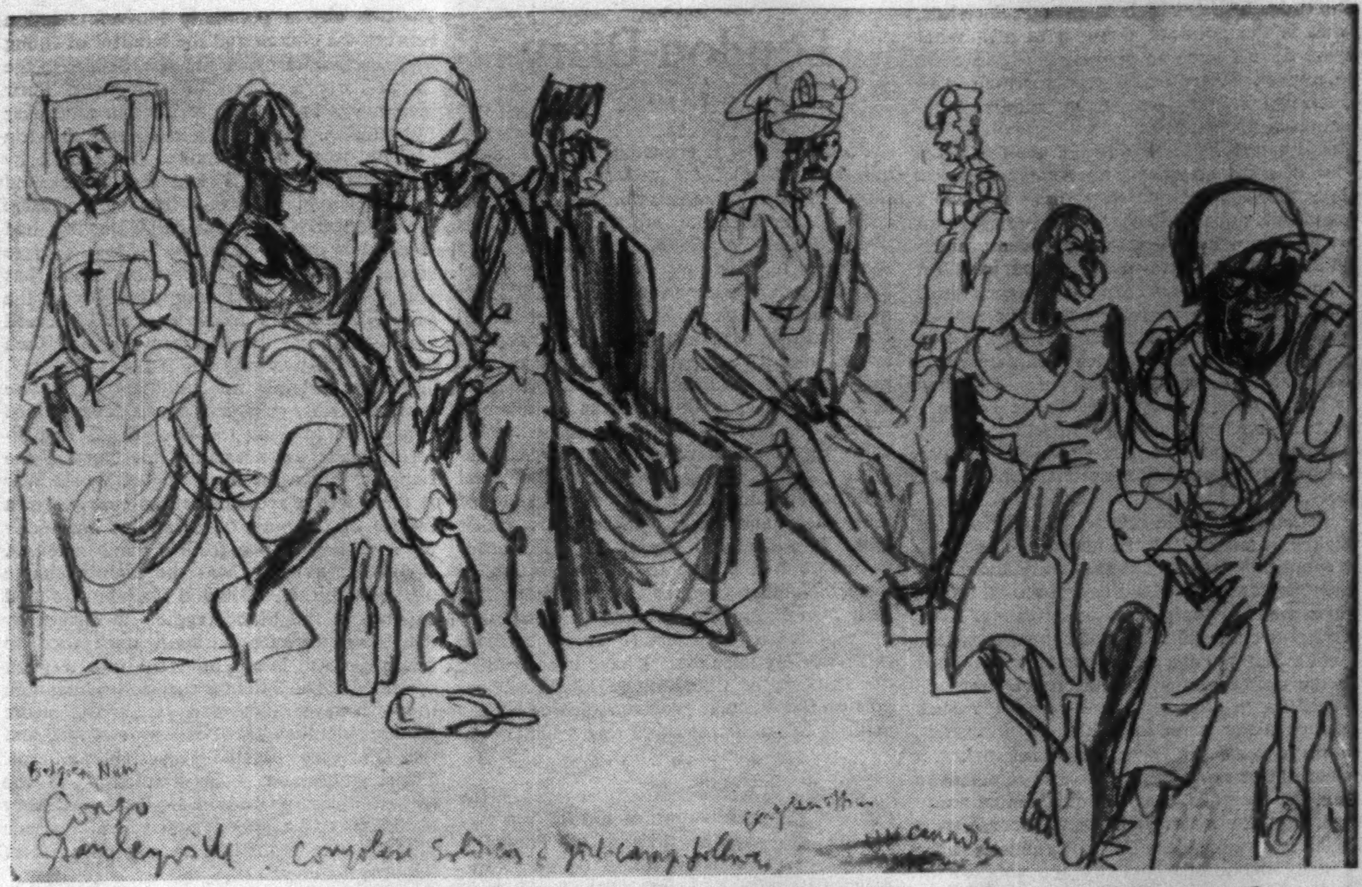
The most dangerous of these are oblique and complicated. They work in a way to emasculate and soften, beguiling us into being bland, charming, witty, or – if our temperaments don't run this way – encouraging us to be *enfants terribles* or licensed clowns. The last is the role allotted, for instance, to the tragic Brendan Behan (recently it was Dylan Thomas) whose private agony is shaped into an image of endearing explosiveness for reluctantly-conforming citizens to half-envy, half-mock, thus relieving them of the necessity to think about what he really stands for.

The maxim that Socialists should keep up a public front never made sense without its corollary, that Socialists should privately maintain a high standard of critical responsibility for each other's work and public attitudes. Out of date? Of course: the idea belonged to the time when Socialists saw themselves as a unified force, whereas we have never been more isolated from each other. But the idea that Socialists should not criticise each other is also out of date. Keeping it is nothing but a recipe for perpetuating our divisions.

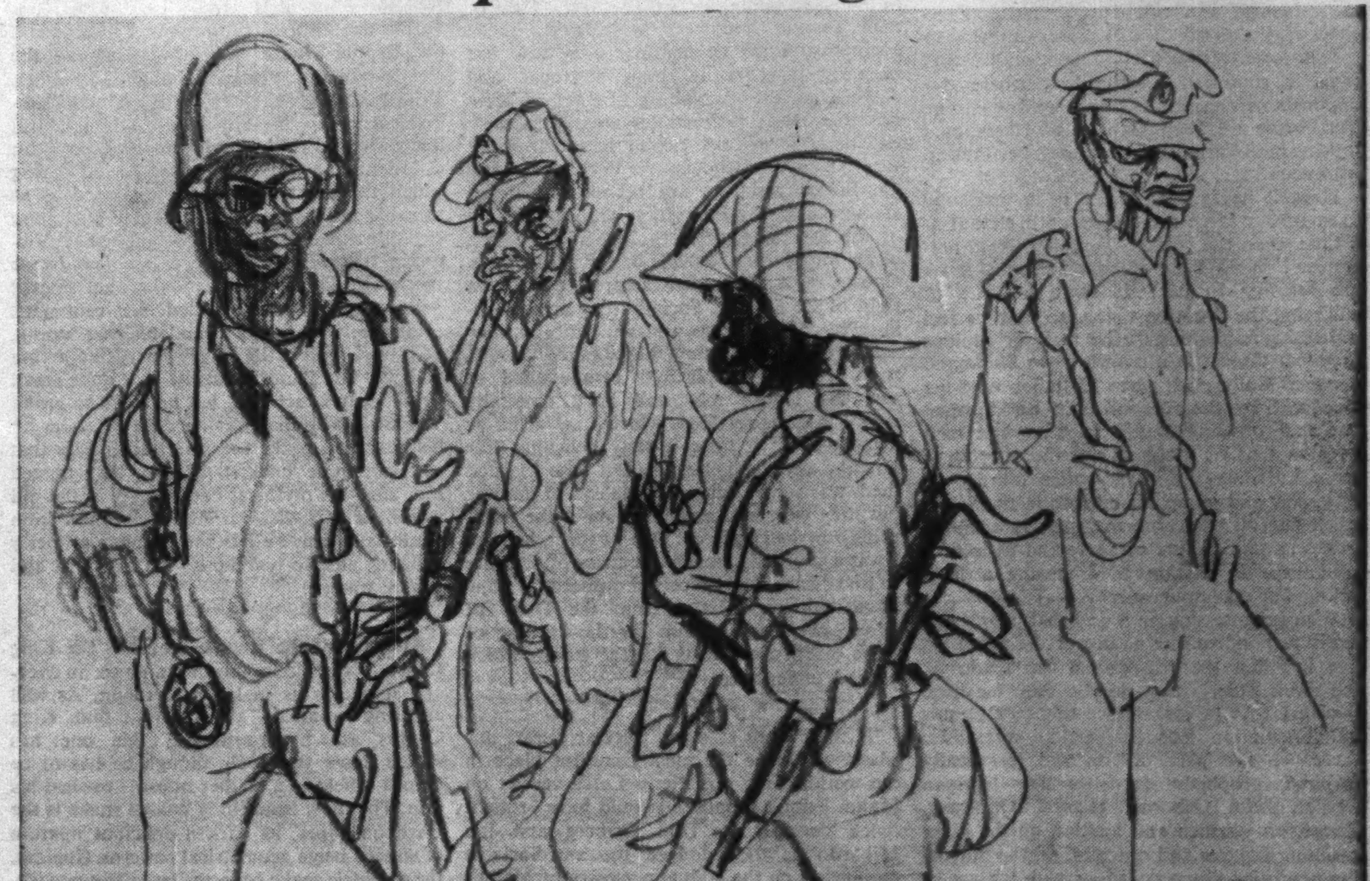
The reaction to my saying this will probably be a 50,000-word monograph which will suggest, in words of 12 syllables, that the reason why Socialists are now riven into cliques and distrusting groups is that capitalist society has an inner drive towards fragmentation. If we are not gadflies we are pedants. We have become our own eunuchs. For months and months we have been reading, in a dozen Socialist journals, interminably dreary polemics about something called 'Communication' This was mostly about television. But I can't remember anything being said that might help to answer the question: why does someone like John Berger, who has combined for years a unique artistic sensibility with an acute intelligence in an attempt to rescue from the philistines the idea that art must not be for a minority – how does it happen that he should now, and from the highest possible motives, be content to turn himself into a kind of Wilfred Pickles of the National Gallery? Why should Tynan, a brilliant Socialist critic, who has done for the theatre what Berger did for art, now run a television programme which is bland when it isn't chi-chi? I ask this at the risk of another storm of letters, this time from the defenders of the helpless Mr Tynan, because of my belief that we should be the first and public critics of our own side when it lets itself down.

To say, as one person did, that we should not criticise Socialists doing a difficult job, is to make it impossible to ask the key question: why is it difficult? To say one is an intellectual snob for disliking popular programmes that present art to a mass audience inhibits the essential questions: *how* is art presented? Is it being presented by Socialists better than by non-Socialists? If Socialists

[*Continued on Page 824*


Belgian Nun
Congo
Stanleyville
Congolese Soldiers & girl-camp follower

From Topolski's Congo Sketchbook


Congolese
Swedish & officer
Feliks Topolski

don't do a better job than non-Socialists, what is the point of doing it at all? What effect does it have on people who have come to rely on Berger and Tynan for their standards when they see them running programmes no better, and possibly worse, than existing ones? What dangers reside in the idea of a mass audience that make the most discriminating people start lowering their standards, apparently without being aware of it? Is it possible that the particular vulnerabilities of Socialists make it more easy for them to vulgarise art than for non-Socialists? Why should the monster always be wooing Socialists when, once it has got them, it tries to muzzle them, or provides a climate where they muzzle themselves?

The answer to the last is that television is part of the machinery this system uses to capture or tame its critics – as the pre-Tynan theatre did; as the commercial cinema still does.

Perhaps we would relieve the isolation that makes us tempted by the monsters if we took responsibility for all the aspects of the movement we are part of by saying aloud, all the time, what we only now say privately. If we do not, we are guilty of that contempt for the public that we ascribe to our enemies. What is the use of muttering and complaining and admitting in groups of two, six, or 15? Such groups make sense in totalitarian countries, none in ours. We forge chains for ourselves where none exist. Why are we so reluctant to say, for instance, that Nkrumah is currently betraying the ideals he has stood for? That it is at least possible all is not right with the Cuban revolution? That the left wing of the Labour Party is arid and unimaginative? That the hysteria endemic in the Committee of 100 has already done an important movement damage, and will, if not understood and checked, do more? It is because we refuse to recognise as intellectual irresponsibility that familiar condition on the Left where our opponents discuss aloud things we know to be true, while we keep silent out of irrational loyalty until forced by circumstances into an admission.

Does it never even strike us to ask why most of our ideas are boring or irrelevant at a time when the world is jumping like a firecracker? What kind of imagination is it we are refusing to use? Is there no way of enlarging the Socialist vision, so that we feel something more constructive than incredulous impotent disgust in a month when Stalingrad becomes Volgograd; when 13 Italian boys get murdered by the Congolese in error; when the wall dividing Berlin is decorated with wreaths marking the deaths of those trying to cross it; when the Paris police murder 60 Algerians and dump the corpses in the Seine; when our own government publicly acknowledges its total failure of nerve and its lack of confidence in Britain by imposing a legal colour bar on immigrants?

Who is expressing, in a way that people can really respond to, the nature of the world we live in? Not the reasonable, the academic, the amenable, the timid, the legalistic Socialists. As things are we rely, for gleams of illumination into this brutal surrealistic farce we are part of, on sad, erratically inspired, prophetic dervishes like Norman Mailer, John Osborne, Hlasko, Donleavy, Pinter, on jazzmen and junkies, on the high-reaching failures and outcasts, on the mirroring neurotics whose collisions with life are so violent they at least send off crazy showers of sparks that light the sordid anarchy we have made ourselves impotent to change.

London Diary

CHARON

I can't see why, if Nasser is convinced there has been a plot to assassinate him, he shouldn't make some fuss about it. So far, his action in ordering the arrest of four officials of the French Property Commission in Cairo has been regarded by everybody as either hopelessly deluded or rank bad form. There's no doubt, of course, that some French circles have had it in for Nasser ever since Suez. Did not even that comparatively liberal-minded pair, the brothers Bromberger, conclude their *Secrets of Suez* with a solemn injunction: 'The problem remains . . . the day will come when Egypt will have to make new calculations . . .' *En principe*, with French political and public conduct in its present state of lawlessness and chaos, anything is rather more than likely to happen. I wish, meanwhile, we had a clue to the motivation of Target Number One for the French plotter, their own President. De Gaulle's demeanour on his English visit seems to have been more other-worldly than ever. I have been reading the Institute of Comparative Medicine's report on the bascular problems of long-necked animals to see if this could throw light.

* * *

'Portugal is whole-heartedly engaged in the fight for the preservation of the western way of life.' So say the 'Friends of Portugal', a newly formed body whose opening campaign literature has just reached me from Lisbon. The FOP strictly exclude Portuguese nationals. They are drawn from the various business communities in Portugal. Two of their founder members are Mr R. J. A. McInerny, a British manufacturer, who has business interests in both Portugal and Angola, and Mr S. Nyborg of Sweden. Most west European nationalities are represented; but there is no US citizen listed. It won't surprise anyone who knows Portugal to find the British residents are becoming alarmed at the rapid – by Portuguese tempo – decline of the Salazar regime. In Lisbon there is a large (more than 2,000) British colony. In Oporto most of the port shippers are to the right of Dr Salazar. Socially they are charming. Physiologically as well as politically, they are a type apart; they have other-worldly, rosy bronzed complexions compounded of sun, the Douro mist and Port, especially tawny Port, unfortified, which they drink as a table wine; it tastes utterly delicious, like no wine anywhere else. The last time I visited them was some years after the end of the war but they were still agonising about the hardships they had suffered. One of them, hearing I was a journalist, made a journey of 60 miles to make sure that I received a photostat copy of a holograph letter from the Duke of Gloucester thanking him for the knitting of some woollen comforts for the troops which he had undertaken.

* * *

'If there were as many trees as priests this island would be the most beautiful place in the world.' This was Pierre Loti's verdict on Malta. I don't suppose it would have brought much comfort to Tom Driberg and Ian Mikardo as they dodged the anti-Socialist gun-pellets on the 40th anniversary of Malta's first election. The reasons why the Catholic church in Malta is so virulently anti-Socialist are complex. There is the Ultrist tradition. There is also a peculiarly intricate relation between the church and the handful of ruling Maltese families such as the Scilunas, the Cassar-Torregianos and the Chapples. Their investments in the City of London total over £80 million. Despite their charm, the top Maltese were never treated as equals by British naval society. I remember one exalted Maltese complaining that he'd paid £20,000 for a perfectly good papal title but had had to go in to dinner far below a Lloyd George baronet. Britain, say Maltese nationalists, has always had an enervating effect upon the island. 'The only time we ever really fleeced you was during the Crimean war and then all the profit was made by a few.'

There's certainly no doubt about Maltese poverty. 'Bells, yells, and smells', complained Byron; the Maltese, too poor to afford bell-ropes, made an unearthly din banging the clappers. Up to the beginning of World War II there was a special Maltese coin worth a twelfth of a penny. You can get one today for a shilling or two from a numismatist. A twelfth of a penny was the nightly charge made for the 20-30,000-odd Maltese who used to sleep in the Mandareggio – a cavern by the Marsamuscetto harbour, once used to house galleys, later converted into a giant dosshouse. The Maltese themselves maintain that whenever they can break free from British rule they do well. In Australia and the US, they become respectable citizens. Their attachment – in London – to the second oldest profession in the world they attribute to a combination of extreme poverty, over-population and the influence of the Royal Navy.

* * *

For warmth and comfort on a dark November morning, always one of the convulsive death-throes of the year, I recommend the Reptile House. (It's always among the most popular Zoo houses, though the public's attitude towards the inmates is markedly ambivalent.) The Reptile House, though still under-stocked, is beginning to look up a bit at last after a rather long dim period during which the cages have been re-glassed so as to avoid reflection. It's remarkable how good cage-illumination will show off what Victorian naturalists used to call a 'handsome specimen'. The India Rat Snake, that elegant yellow and black speckled non-venomous colubrine, was racing round his tree stump, decorated with artificial greenery, like a ring of light. The Banded Basilisk is a quite small lizard, only 2 feet long, but he looks so proud and vital, with that waving crest of scales on his head and back, and stares so fixedly that you can quite understand why they named him after his mythical counterpart in the old world. (In fact, *Basilius Vittartus* comes from South America; he has the peculiar property of being able to rear up on his hind feet and run on water.)

* * *

The star of the Reptile House is the King Cobra, 14 feet long, thriving now on an average of two grass snakes a fortnight. As well as being cannibals, and fussy at that, King Cobras are hyper-sensitive; this one has settled down very well, though he has to be helped – held in a leather noose – to shed his skin. The most beautifully coated snake is the Garboon Viper, its back a delicious mixture of shaded beige geometrical patterns. (Ionides, the eccentric snake collector from Tanganyika, fondles the Garboon Viper with its huge poisoned glands and long hypodermic needle fangs as if it were a puppy – almost.) Reptile

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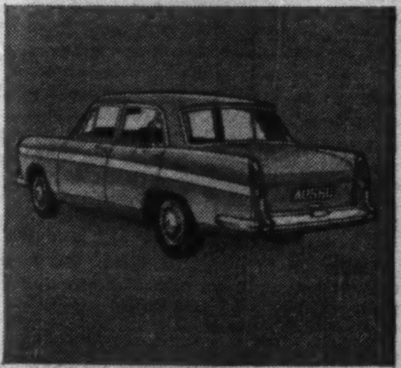

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House keepers, I find, tend to be dedicated zoologists. Trying to show off, I asked one young keeper if he had ever seen the largest European snake, the one which the French refer to in awed tones as *Le grand couleuvre de Montpelier?* (It's six feet long, only eight inches longer than the record English grass-snake.) 'Oh yes,' he said, 'I caught one and was bitten by him – only by the front fangs though.' The bite of back-fanged snakes is sometimes an unknown quantity. For a time it was thought that the Boomslange, the South African tree snake, a beautifully slender living-green creature, was non-venomous. The other day a Boomslange ungratefully sank its back fangs into an American herpitologist's hand and he died.

* * *

The November fly: he emerged from his hangar behind the curtains the moment I switched on the bed-table lamp. A huge blue-bottle; he must have been nearly half an inch long; his abdomen was fat and drooping. He flew very slowly at a low altitude, about 5 foot 6 inches, making a loud insistent buzz that had a querulous undertone of ill-health. He seemed to be having such bad engine trouble that I thought he couldn't possibly keep airborne for long, but he could; he flew on and on up and down the length of the room in untidy elliptical spirals, keeping just out of reach of the bed. Once I nearly caught him between the pages of an open book but he went into a vertical climb. Exhausted by the effort he rested on the ceiling, but not for long. I have never been so persecuted by an insect in this country, not even in mid-summer. I was just going to get out of bed and go into action against him when a sudden wave of childish anthropomorphic sentimentality overtook me: poor old blue-bottle, trying so hard to keep going, like an aged roué or a veteran politician; let him have his last flight. In the morning he was dead on the carpet. Heart, I suppose. I wish I knew more about flies; must find out sometime.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Another father said that after hearing of the incidents in which his boy had been concerned he had 'clipped him round the earhole'. Commented the chairman (Lady Little): 'Well done. You are a model parent.' The clerk, Mr G. H. Scatliff, added: 'That is the sort of language the magistrates like to hear.' – *Evening Argus*. (J. T. Bunn.)

A woman arrested for suspected soliciting claimed at Brighton Magistrates' Court today that a police constable 'brutally hit' her five or six times on the face. She said she solicited 'for educational reasons and to find a different way of life'. – *Brighton Evening Argus*. (Mrs E. M. Bogle.)

Undertaker George Frederick Marsland, of Old Street, Ashton, told Ashton magistrates today that his 'busy' season is approaching. He was applying successfully for the lifting of a driving ban imposed in February for being in charge of a van while under the influence of drink. – *Manchester Evening News*. (H. J. Whittaker.)

I wonder how much the biology lectures to children in school lead to sex experiments in teenagers of today. In my youth we were taught that babies came as a result of prayer. – Letter in *West London Press*. (Ellen Hennessy.)

Pocket Hogarth

Osbert Lancaster may be likened to one of those square and numinous Watchers by Lynn Chadwick. His large, handsome, leonine head and expressive face (punctuated by a bristling 'guardee' moustache) and his massive torso form an upper part slightly bulkier than his total frame seems ready to bear; while his eyebrows and shoulders are often lifted as though to assist in the process of levitation.

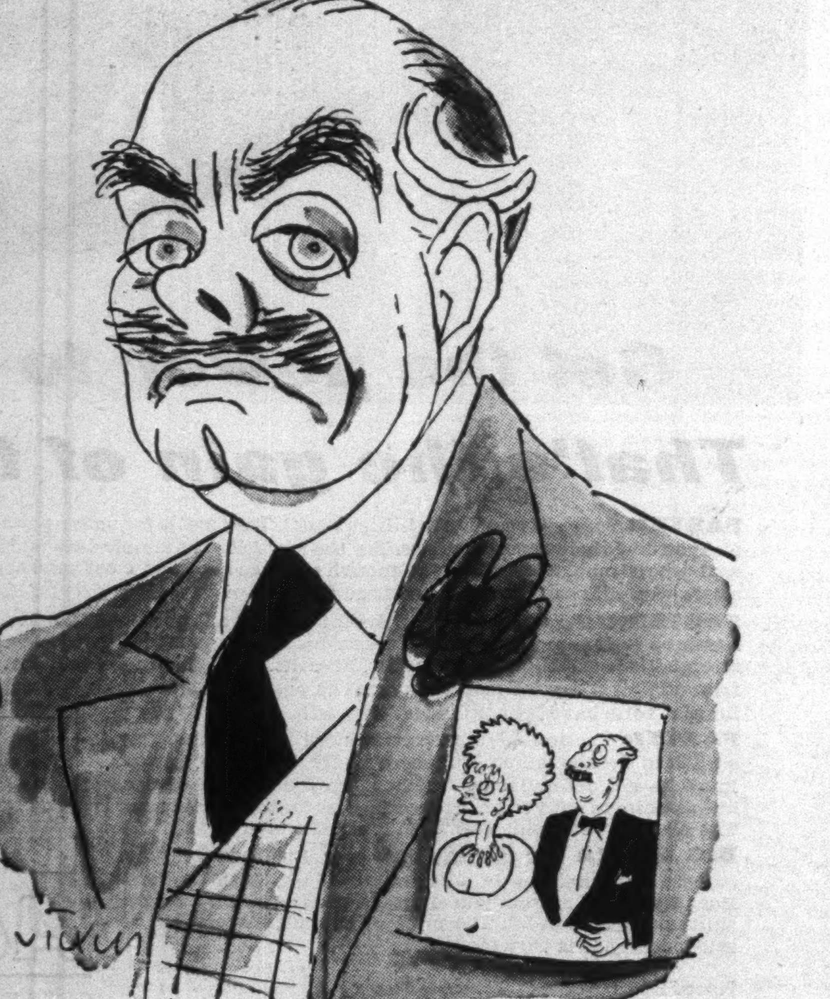
Would the modern social history of Britain have been different if Mr Lancaster had been an inch or two taller? The early clues to Mr Lancaster's later development that he has himself recalled, in unusually sharp detail, are so profuse that an analyst might suspect that there had been a certain amount of artistic selection and rearrangement. These recollections are mostly to be found in a nostalgic fragment of autobiography published in Boston, Mass, in 1953 (but not, save for two chapters, in England); but he also talks uninhibitedly in private conversation of what seems to have been a rich example of the standard upper middle-class Edwardian infancy – rich in colour rather than financially: his parents' income was some £600 a year, which enabled them to maintain a cook, a housemaid, a nurse and a boot-boy. A grave disadvantage of the modern servantless home, says Mr Lancaster, is that there is no one for the children to talk to: 'A mother's love is all very well, but it is a poor substitute for good relations with the cook.'

One comment that has been made on Mr Lancaster's celebrated *Daily Express* drawings is that the female characters in them are far more real than the male, who tend to be stock types or, indeed, 'feeds' to the females. Be that as it may, the young Osbert grew up in a predominantly female household. His father was killed in the First World War. His mother was a pupil of G. F. Watts. Aunts bulked large in his life. He has described himself at his mother's 'Thursdays':

> Clad in a *soigné* little blue silk number, with Brussels lace collar and cut-steel buckles on my shoes. . . I passed round the solids in a manner which combined efficiency with diffidence. . . . Moreover, although conspicuously well-behaved, I could always be relied on to go into the *enfant terrible* act . . .

'The *enfant terrible* act': there could hardly be a neater description of the function of Mr Lancaster's pocket cartoons.

There were, of course, feminine influences below-stairs also: Nurse, who used to escort him daily to Kensington Gardens (quickening her step slightly as they passed the less savoury Bayswater streets); and Kate the housemaid, who conversed largely in 'political slogans and popular catch phrases – crying,



for instance, if she caught the boy raiding the larder, "Hands off the People's Food!"' But the most vivid and influential personality in his childhood was an imposing neighbour, 'old Mrs Ullathorne', whose great contribution to his artistic development was the gift of a scrap-book of coloured pictures.

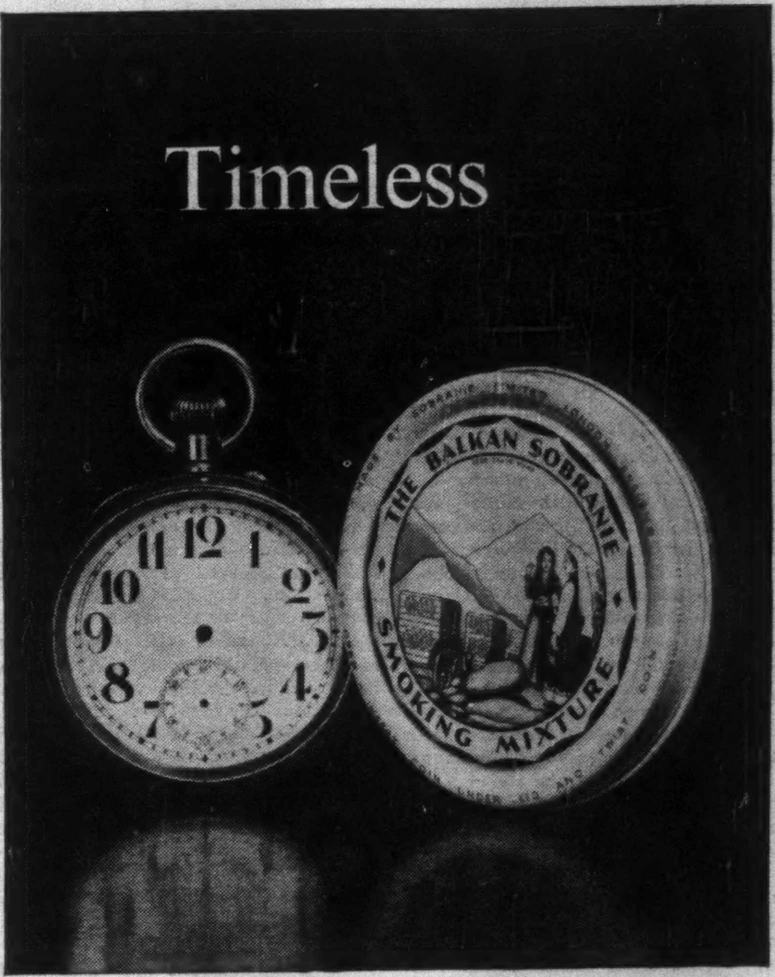
The domestic side of Mr Lancaster's youth seems to have been happy enough – more so, at any rate, than his school-days, which were the conventional agony of the middle-class intellectual. Mention Charterhouse and he gives a low whistle of horror. 'The words "great headmaster",' he says, 'make my blood run cold.' He was bullied ferociously and beaten frequently: before a beating chalk-marks were made on the seat of the trousers, so that the cane would fall on the same place. A relief from the general beastliness was the friendship of Ronald Cartland, who introduced him to the novels of Aldous Huxley when he was still reading Seton Merriman. He left Charterhouse early, when he was 17 ('*not* "under a cloud"') and, before Oxford, studied at the Byam Shaw Art School. 'Most adolescents,' he says, 'are filled with a snobbish shame at the supposed inadequacy, social, intellectual, or political, of their families.' Whether this is true or not of 'most' adolescents, in Osbert Lancaster's case the snobbery took the form of 'an uncritical rejection of all the artistic values' of his parents. All the same, at the Byam Shaw School he was taught to draw well, and academically enough, by an admirable teacher, Ernest Jackson.

At Oxford, he was in two 'sets': the OUDS set and the *Cherwell* set (the *Cherwell* magazine being then at the height of its inter-war flamboyance and irreverent frivolity). He appeared in Komissarjevsky's OUDS production of *Lear*: at first he was cast as one of Goneril's drunken guards, but was promoted to the role of the Duke of Cornwall's servant when the actor cast for that part had to take on, instead, the part of the Fool – the Fool's impersonator having been expelled from the Society for a photographic prank considered in poor taste. The Duke of Cornwall was Mr Peter Fleming; the Fool was Mr John Fernald; the expellee Mr Betjeman.

Work for the *Cherwell*, for which he produced elaborate line-drawings of a broadly comic and satirical kind, may well have first turned him, half-consciously, towards journalistic cartooning. His *Cherwell* colleagues at that time included – besides Mr Betjeman, who helped to intensify his interest in architectural subjects – the late Robert Byron and Brian Howard, Mr Christopher Sykes, Mr Maurice Green, Mr Tom Driberg, Mr Mark Ogilvie-Grant and Mr Edward Hulton; and for many years afterwards reports of the Union debates in the *Cherwell* were headed by an anonymous woodcut, whose original artist was Mr Evelyn Waugh, with the caption 'Europe listens while Oxford sleeps'.

He came down from Oxford in 1930 with a fourth in English Literature; read unsuccessfully for the Bar (he 'took one look at the Property paper and went out to see the Marx Brothers'); was saved from working in a dusty legal office by a slight onset of TB, which sent him to Switzerland; and then went to the Slade. He married in 1933; his wife, Karen, was so christened 'because her mother had read one of those awful Scandinavian folk-tales'. They have two children, a son, now 22, and a daughter, 27, who is assistant stage-manager at Covent Garden.

After a spell on the staff of the *Architectural Review*, the encounter occurred which



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to mark the occasion of his award of the

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2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4

led – improbably, as it would then have seemed – to Mr Lancaster's development as the first and favourite breakfast-time entertainer of about one-third of the adult population of Britain. On the night of King Edward's abdication, he was taken to the *Express* office and introduced to Mr John Rayner, then features editor. He asked, more or less casually, why English newspapers didn't do small cartoons like those in the French papers. Mr Rayner commissioned him to do a few and devised the now obvious generic title of 'pocket cartoon'; they appeared for some time in the William Hickey column. Wartime newsprint-rationing was a further stroke of luck: whereas cartoonists such as Low had to be cut down from six to three-and-a-half inches in width, the Lancaster pocket cartoons were clearly just right for a meagre four-page paper. So they went on, and flourished, and the cartoons of that early period form a substantial and fascinating part of the retrospective volume* that covers the 21 years of this achievement. Mr Lancaster recalls a quaint sequel to the publication of one of these wartime cartoons (reproduced in the book), showing two strapping senior officers in the WRNS and the ATS, with the caption: 'Gad, ma'am, the type they're sending us now aren't half the women their mothers were.' This was solemnly reproduced in a Nazi paper as evidence of the spread of lesbianism in the British women's services.

A crucial development was Mr Lancaster's realisation that 'To have a standard character halves a cartoonist's – and his readers' – work.' So Maudie Littlehampton, born by chance, grew into his most frequently used cartoon figure. Several titled women believe that they are the original on whom she is modelled; Mr Lancaster neither confirms nor denies their rival claims. His role as cartoonist is usually, he feels, that of 'the innocent bystander who sees that the emperor has no clothes on'; but he uses Lady Littlehampton 'to echo an upper-class view' or, occasionally, 'when one wants to make some rational comment'. It is perceptible that, unlike almost every other famous cartoon character, she has in recent years been ageing: she is as brightly big-eyed as ever, but more haggard.

Although the dilemmas of Maudie Littlehampton and her Willy, their plain, plump deb daughter, Aunt Ethel, Cousin Constantia, Canon Fontwater and the rest of his portrait-gallery occupy a good deal of his time and provide the considerably greater part of his income, it would be unjust to label Mr Lancaster a newspaper cartoonist only. He has written and illustrated a number of books on architecture (*Progress at Pelvis Bay* was the first); he has done stage designing ('monstrously underpaid'); he is a passionate Philhellene, having served from 1944 to 1946 as First Secretary in the Embassy at Athens (he sometimes lectures on tourist cruises of the Greek islands, and some of his sharpest and most directly political cartoons ridiculed government policy on Cyprus); and all but three of the 30 exhibits in his recent show of serious paintings were sold.

He is indeed – as every good satirist must be – a serious person. He is a traditionalist but not a Conservative in the party sense: he dislikes the Whips' tyranny, and would probably vote for a Socialist or Liberal who happened to be in other respects 'civilised'. He was appalled when some brash schoolboys on television confronted him with accusations of snobbery, but parried their attack courteously, explaining that his cartoon characters usually came from a rather limited social circle because that was the circle he happened to know best, and that he would regard it as presumption on his part to attempt to satirise, say, a working-men's club. He takes a mild pride in a Norfolk ancestry and in the fact that, because his grandfather, when disposing of an estate, retained certain manorial rights, he is Lord of the Manor and patron of the living of East Wynch *alias* Petty Wynch-cum-Caroe (though this he realised only when the Electricity Board asked him to grant a wayleave for pylons).

Less 'churchy' than his friend Betjeman, he is a regular churchgoer at Henley, where he lives in a 17th and 19th-century house with a croquet-lawn, classical statuary and the other expected amenities. His school of churchmanship is, he says, 'high and dry', catholic but not extreme: 'I don't mind incense. I'm not keen on birettas. I am prepared to tolerate Reservation.' Going to confession he regards as 'self-indulgence'. The parish church that he attends is now 'tremendously high: I fancy the Vicar is slightly overplaying his hand.'

This ironic, poised detachment is typical of Mr Lancaster, or at least of his impenetrable carapace. He once remarked of a flashy colleague that he was 'veneer all through'. That would certainly not be true of him; and under the clubman-exquisite surface it seems likely that there are some tensions. A friend who knows him well remarked recently that it was odd that, though he likes going to parties and drinking a few glasses of wine, no one had ever, ever seen him even slightly drunk. Another friend had the temerity to ask him if he had any complexes. 'Oh, just the usual ones,' was the airy reply. 'But they never show,' said the friend. 'Oh, no, no,' said Mr Lancaster. 'I conceal 'em so well.'

If the need to tear concealment aside ever became overpowering, however, there is a good chance that no one at the *Express* office or the St James's Club would notice that anything was amiss; for the necessary outlet might well, after all, be found in the daily routine: while Maudie Littlehampton is with us, her creator need never run wild.

**Signs of the Times, 1939-1961.* By Osbert Lancaster. *Murray.* 21*s.*

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Correspondence

COMMON MARKET MIRAGE

Sir, – Mr Douglas Jay does not mention the political importance of the Common Market. It is not easy to understand why he deliberately avoids this central aspect of the Common Market debate; the driving force behind the Common Market has been political all along, and it is agreed that Britain's application under Art. 237 would not have received such a warm reception from the Continent if there had been no Berlin crisis.

Though it is safe to assume that Mr Jay sticks *deliberately* to rigid economic points, he must be wrong to sum up the Common Market from an economic angle. The feeling that separate western European national entities must be gradually merged in a single powerful grouping is the force behind the activities of so-called 'Europeans'.

And what is one to make of Mr Jay's apparent assumption that Britain must choose one of two possible courses? He appears to be arguing that since Britain cannot accept the present Common Tariff on food products she must pursue the *only* alternative course of staying out of the Common Market altogether. But what does Mr Jay think the present negotiations in Brussels are about?

The government is at the moment involved in the sort of poker-play and highly political bargaining which the Six entered on themselves two years before the Rome Treaty was signed. There are many ways in which New Zealand butter, mutton and beef and Ghanaian cocoa – to mention some difficult items – can be found outlets in Britain and the rest of Europe. Article 25 of the Rome Treaty might be the way out. But whatever the devices used to guarantee continued outlets to New Zealand produce, there is no doubt whatever that the government will be forced to find such outlets by its own supporters.

The Tories have hankered to force the burden of taxes back on to the poorest since 1846, writes Mr Jay. He is perhaps an admirer of Sir Robert Peel, even to the extent of imitation. 'A rigid economist, sir, a most rigid economist', was Gladstone's verdict.

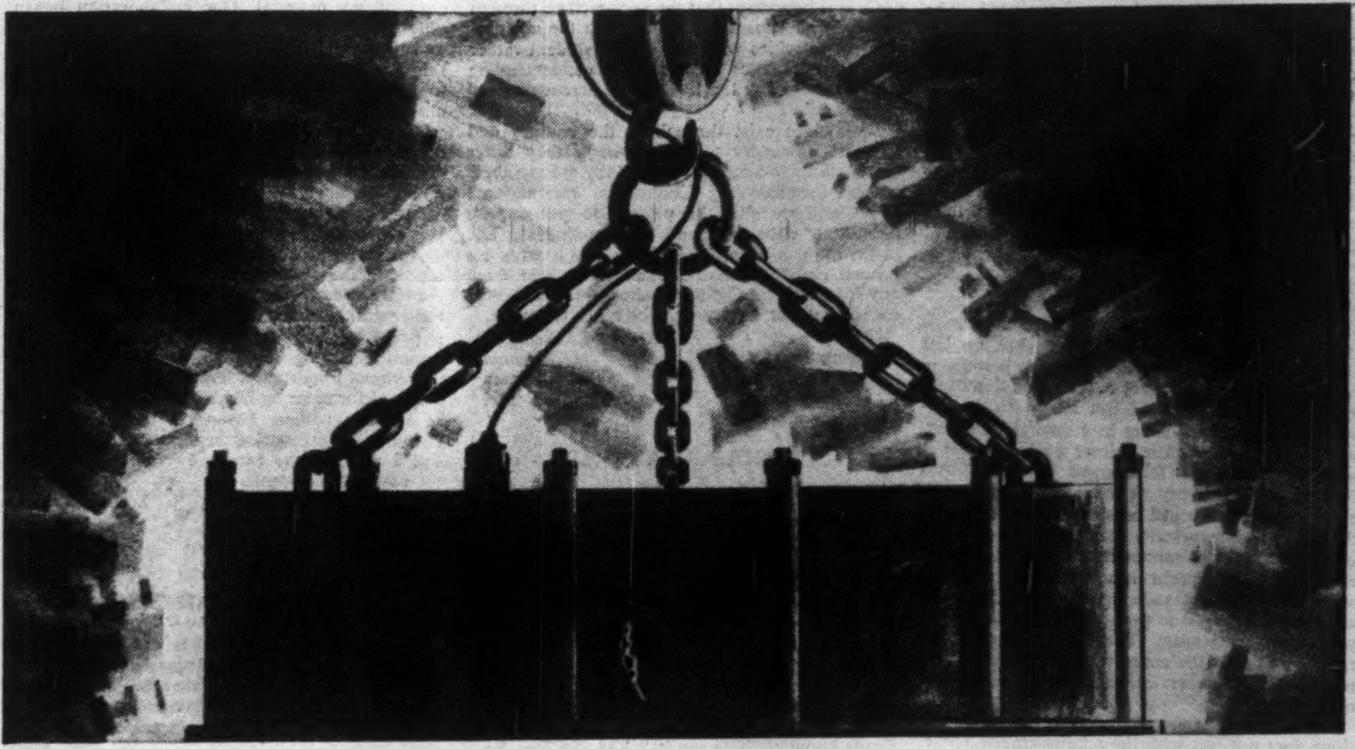
H. Scott Stokes

London, SW1

COMING OUT WORSE

Sir, – As a member of one of the local advisory committees on the employment of prisoners appointed by the Chairman of the Prison Commission, whose function it is to advise technically and generally on the employment of prisoners, and as a member of the committee of my local Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, I believe I am in a position to refute some of the statements made by K. P. O'Donnell in his article 'Coming Out Worse' of two weeks ago, and of 'Ex-Prisoner' in his letter of last week's issue.

It is inaccurate to say that there is an archaic attitude on the part of the authorities. We have a most enlightened Home Secretary and the Prison Commissioners are greatly concerned with the occupational aspects of prisoners' welfare. While it is correct to say that the prisons are overcrowded old buildings, never intended for modern penal methods, in particular for the provision of work in conditions comparable to those of modern industry, measures have been taken to counteract these conditions, which include an extensive prison building programme which holds great hope for the future. Everthorpe Prison has been opened during Mr Butler's Home Secretaryship and a new prison at Wigan was opened last week. Several open prisons and detention centres have been opened recently and the prison building programme has increased despite the difficulties inevitably raised by local objection. The building of new workshops is progressing and the possibility of finding space for more workshops, or building over existing shops, is con-



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stantly explored. The general position will of course be improved as new establishments, with their own workshops, become available. The appointment by the Home Secretary of a Standing Council to advise on the organisation and management of industries, prisons and Borstals, is also encouraging.

It is inaccurate to state that the average earning of a prisoner is 3s. 6d. a week, as there has been recently initiated an incentive scheme which enables prisoners to earn up to 10s. a week, and the average is not less than about 5s. a week, inadequate as this may be. The question has also been raised regarding increased earnings but this would evoke the whole concept of personal reparation to the victim and could only be effected by a change of law.

'Ex-Prisoner' states that care for prisoners is inadequate, but Wormwood Scrubs has no less than four consultant psychiatrists who practise in the West End of London, a first-class dentist to whom most of us could not afford to go privately, one welfare officer and several voluntary welfare workers. Before release each prisoner is seen by the local Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; and from my personal experience as an employer of discharged prisoners, I am in a position to state categorically that the welfare officers of prisons make strenuous efforts to find jobs for ex-prisoners. My firm has several times been approached to find such employment. Prisoners are also encouraged to see and communicate with prospective employers. That 'mental cases' are sent to prison is the concern of the judiciary and not of the prison service, lamentable though this may be.

The solution to the problems of prison conditions does not rest with the administration alone. Indeed, they will never be solved until society accepts that prisons do not exist in an economic and social vacuum and that prisoners are members of the community, temporarily segregated, and not economic outcasts.

Whether 'Coming Out Worse' or 'Coming Out Better', it is significant that seven out of eight people sent to prison for the first time never return.

S. STERNBERG

Biggleswade

COLOURED STUDENTS

SIR, – By citing a number of blatant examples in your issue of 17 November, Gerda Cohen has highlighted the social problems facing many of the overseas students in this country. Norman MacKenzie concludes his more balanced and very useful assessment of the educational and social aspects with a plea for 'a much more elaborate attempt to cope with the personal and social problems which these students encounter'.

In our experience, the overseas student's greatest social need is for personal friendship. In order that he may derive maximum benefit from his stay in England his day-to-day contacts must extend beyond the university community, i.e., to a representative cross-section of the community at large. We believe that International Clubs make a serious and valuable attempt to meet this need. It is important that the approach be through full and equal membership, through the arrangement of activities with and by the student rather than for him, thus avoiding 'the condescending behaviour of local "hands-across-the-sea" enthusiasts'.

Such clubs exist throughout the country and in most university towns, although they differ considerably in size and form. Many are members of the Co-ordinating Council of International Clubs and we shall be pleased to put anyone interested, either student or non-student, UK resident or overseas visitor, in touch with his nearest club. We should also like to hear from any International Clubs not already in touch with us, so that our service may be more complete.

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SCHOLARS AT WAR

SIR, – Dr C. W. M. Whitty, as a scientist, pleaded for a clean separation of established facts from personalities. He has received no such reply from Mr Boardman. I submit my own response.

Were tablets and late stirrup-jars recorded side by side 'on the clay floor' in 1900? Yes. In the 1903 excavation report was a 'reconstructed' stratigraphy, with tablets now moved down to the lower level, presented as observed? Yes. Did a test excavation in 1923 reveal *inter alia* a late plaster floor in this suite of rooms? Yes. Did Evans know of these results? Yes, the Day Book is annotated in his hand. Did he later print a statement denying any evidence for late reoccupation there? Yes.

Did he draw the 1900 tablets in his contemporary notebook? Yes. Did he find a 'hoard' of stirrup-jar tablets or only one scrap? Only one scrap. Is the corresponding 1900 drawing annotated in his hand 'Nr. SW Entrance'? Yes. Did he send this drawing to the press and use the figure made from it to illustrate the 'decisive stratigraphy' in the Room of the Stirrup-Jars? Yes. Did excavations of 1922-25, yielding results in other parts of the palace where tablets had been found, similarly go unreported? Yes.

All these facts are admitted in a disguised form by Mr Boardman. But did I in fact reverse the normal scholarly procedures? Here too are the recorded facts. During April-June 1960 I gave a course of lectures on this theme in the Ashmolean Museum itself within a few yards of the Knossos documents, of which I showed slides at the end. On 1 June 1960 I submitted my results to a gathering of Aegean experts from many parts of the country at a meeting of the London Mycenaean Seminar. The minutes have an international distribution. When permission was granted on my application to publish the archival material, of my own volition I invited Mr Boardman to act as co-editor, choosing him precisely because he was not a Bronze Age specialist and had shown no interest in Linear B studies. On his acceptance I handed over a carbon copy of my material. Our collaboration began *after* the *Observer* article, over which he is now so indignant. I leave it to historians of scholarship to pronounce on the objectivity shown towards the material which my researches had unearthed.

But do archaeologists invariably present their results first in the technical journals or do they commonly make preliminary announcements first in weekly illustrated papers? Oddly enough, a distinguished classical archaeologist, Mr Boardman's own teacher, has recently made a caustic comment on this very practice, adding that all too often the preliminary announcement remains the only communication. This brings us back to the central question: it is the facts that matter not the alleged faults of presentation. The astonishing thing about Knossos is that, for all its cardinal importance, Evans's results have been accepted for close on 60 years without knowledge of the facts: there has never been a properly documented excavation report. In 1961 this is still a task for the future. Fortunately we have the day-to-day records.

L. R. PALMER

Worcester College
Oxford

VINTAGE CAR CULT

SIR, – Reyner Banham has produced a most enjoyable article on the vintage car cult. I am rather surprised, though, that he attaches the label of aesthetics to the vintage car specifically. The cars of the 1920s were not notably beautiful, and from the aesthete's viewpoint the years 1906-11 probably produced the most visually satisfying designs. Previous efforts were an unhappy compromise with the horse-drawn era, and those of the last pre-1914 seasons were notable for unhappy exercises in streamlining by people who understood remarkably little about it. As things of beauty, the best cars of the 1930s must, however, take the palm, though I would not commend this decade generally, as it also fathered a crop of unmentionable stylistic atrocities from both sides of the Atlantic.

The car of the 1920s was, however, functional. It never pretended to be either a gin-palace or a mobile dormitory. Engines were straightforward and well-finished, even if technically complex: they were also accessible, and not masked by a sea of electric ancillaries.

I do not see, either, how Mr Banham can compare a painting or a sculpture with a motor-car. Both are now recognised as works of art, but a painting was meant to be hung and gazed upon with respect. A motor-car, even one as exotic as a Bugatti, a Duesenberg or a supercharged Mercedes-Benz, was meant to be used, and in the course of use replacements are inevitable. I quite agree that, metallurgically speaking, very few of our prize specimens are in original condition, but are they really all that much worse for being sensibly used? I very much doubt if they suffer half as much as some of the cars I have unearthed

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after 20 years' loving storage. On such machines tyres and wiring are sure to be ripe for the nearest bonfire, and often much of the woodwork has to follow suit.

Let us therefore go on using our vintage cars, but at the same time try and deter those young hopefuls who lay their hands on some irreplaceable piece of machinery, and proceed to modify it to their own specifications. By the time they have finished, the unhappy machine has independent suspension, electric petrol pumps, fibre glass bodywork and hydraulic brakes, and about the only vintage thing about it is the registration book.

Incidentally, if Mr Banham likes to stigmatise some of the stylistic excesses of the 1950s as motorised action paintings, I shall not disagree with him.

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

Montagu Motor Museum
Beaulieu

THE SHELTER CRAZE

SIR, – Charon writes on 24 November 1961: 'It only needed Randolph Churchill to lend the full weight of his support to the American shelter craze.' This strikes me as an exceptionally blatant use of the smear technique so often used by Senator McCarthy and so often rightly denounced by you.

'It only needed Randolph Churchill . . .' to do what? Of course we are not told. To the readers of the NEW STATESMAN no argument is necessary. My name (like Gaitskell's) is a dirty word. There is no need to report what I said. It is enough in a high-class intellectual journal to tear my name out of context without quoting a word from my argument.

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

East Bergholt

DECIMAL COINAGE

SIR, – I do not suppose that Mr Macmillan will have time to write to you on the question raised in last week's London Diary of the most suitable names for the new coins if the decimal coinage should be introduced. Other readers of Trollope's novels may recall, however, that this was a matter that greatly exercised the mind of Plantagenet Palliser when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. In *The Eustace Diamonds* a chapter is devoted to his difficulties. The basis of his scheme was to be a shilling of ten pence, each divided into five parts. These parts could not be called farthings, as a farthing is a fourth, and other possibilities were fifthings, quints or semitenths.

No decision was reached and the scheme came to nothing in such a way that there are no prophetic parallels to be drawn. The political winds changed and Palliser, now Duke of Omnium, left the Exchequer. Some time later, as explained in *The Prime Minister*, he became Prime Minister and his coalition government held office for three years. When he had resigned he reflected sadly that 'that blessed task of introducing decimals into all the commercial relations of British life, which had once kept him aloft in the air, floating as upon eagle's wings, had been denied him. If ever done it must be done from the House of Commons; and the people of the country had become deaf to the charms of that great reform.'

T. F. EVANS

45 Manor Road
Ashford
Middlesex

SCOTT FITZGERALD

SIR, – In my review of *The Beautiful and the Damned* I foolishly added ten years to the age at which Scott Fitzgerald published it. He finished the book in April 1921 just before he and Zelda sailed to Europe for the first time, and it started to appear serially in the same year.

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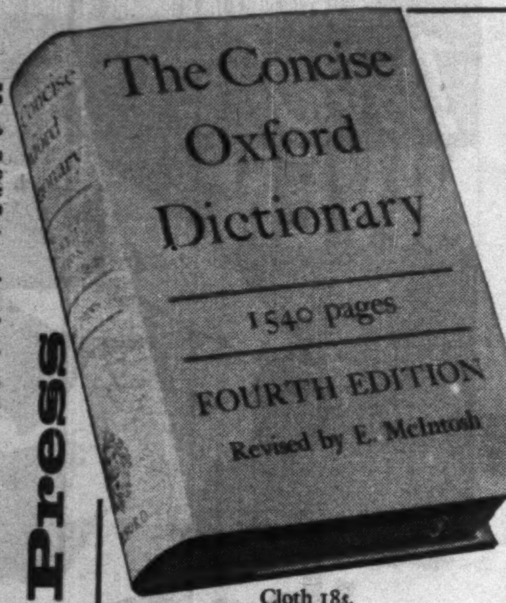

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS II

Unlucky Find

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Napoleon used to ask of a man: 'Has he Luck?' Ability, experience, integrity were important; without luck they were useless. Neville Chamberlain had many great qualities. He had courage and industry. His intellect was clear and sharp. No politician this century has had a finer administrative brain, nor used this gift better. When he became Minister of Health in 1924 he set out his reforming programme in 25 draft bills, and carried 21 of them in the following four years. His Local Government Act of 1929, devised almost wholly by himself, had 115 clauses and 12 schedules. It shaped the structure of English local government to the present day. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he recast the fiscal system, again with lasting effect. He commanded for a time the unquestioning allegiance of the Conservative Party as none other of its leaders has done this century, not even Bonar Law. In Chamberlain's case, the allegiance was as strong on the front bench as among the rank and file. Yet it was all to no avail. The decisive element of luck was lacking.

Neville Chamberlain was without luck from the beginning. In the period of imperialist expansion, he stumbled on one of the few products, sisal, which failed to show a profit; and after five years of hard work in the West Indies came out with a loss of £50,000. In the First World War, he was saddled with the hopeless task of organising National Service, and failed again, though he was abler than most of those who reaped high honours. Lloyd George called him 'not one of my lucky finds'. When the Conservative leadership became vacant after the death of Bonar Law, Chamberlain found ahead of him a man of few administrative or creative gifts, easy-going and evasive: Baldwin, constantly threatened by party revolt, yet repeatedly surviving, perhaps by innate political skill, perhaps by the essential quality of luck.

Chamberlain's reforms were dwarfed by other events. Not many cared about local government during the great depression; protective tariffs were less important in the 1930s than quotas and currency management. As Prime Minister, Chamberlain intended to be the initiator of domestic legislation. Instead he was caught by foreign affairs, and then led his country lamenting into war. His fall was a further irony of no luck. The Norwegian campaign was inspired and directed by Winston Churchill. Its failure brought down Chamberlain and put Churchill in his place. Even then Chamberlain could have been in charge of administration at home. He was struck by cancer, and died.

Neville Chamberlain has also been without luck after death. He has had to carry the sole blame for the failure of British foreign policy, despite protests from his more honest colleagues such as Hoare. By now one would imagine that Chamberlain conducted appeasement single-handed against an almost unanimous Conservative and an entirely unanimous Labour party. In 1946 Dr (now Sir Keith) Feiling published an authorised biography. This was soundly based on the material then available: Chamberlain's letters to his sisters and his rather dry diary. There was a full and carefully drawn picture of Chamberlain's life in its various aspects, though Dr Feiling did not claim to be a specialist on the period. The book attracted less notice than it deserved. Maybe Englishmen were stunned by recent events, or did not wish to disrupt the new national unity against Russia by arguments about the past.

Still, Chamberlain's life was a subject which had been covered. Apart from writing a polemical tract, a new biographer would need to strike a fresh hoard of private material (or be able to prove that Dr Feiling had suppressed really important evidence). Alternatively, the new writer would use the material published since 1946 from the official records of the Foreign Office and the Cabinet; he might even get permission to see records not yet published, as some others have done. Even without new information, he might provide a new perspective and show wisdom after the event. But once more: no luck. It is excessive even in Chamberlain's run of bad luck that a biography claiming to vindicate him should neither vindicate him in any serious sense nor contain new information of importance.

Even an author who is a cabinet minister and, like so many figures now forgotten, a future prime minister has a duty to his readers; in this case a duty to explain why they should read a second biography when a first, satisfactory, biography exists. This duty is not performed. The earlier biography is not mentioned, though the name of Sir Keith Feiling appears occasionally in the text. There is no hint that the diaries and private letters have been examined before, and have already yielded practically everything. The most interesting quotations all appear in Feiling's book; indeed for the period when Chamberlain was Prime Minister there are many more of them. When Mr Macleod has a new scrap to offer, this is produced with exaggerated emphasis. Thus a memorandum of 25 February 1931 from the Director of the Conservative Central Office, stating the dissatisfaction of the party with Baldwin as leader, is described as 'never before published'. Correct, but the gist is accurately summarised by Feiling.

Again Mr Macleod prints in full from Chamberlain's diary the story of the events which led to Eden's resignation as Foreign Secretary in February 1938, and asserts that this 'makes clear much that has hitherto been conjectural and contradicts much that has hitherto been accepted'. In fact, Feiling printed five extracts from the account in Chamberlain's diary, which made the story clear, though passing over some details. Feiling's book is superior on nearly every point.

A few omissions are rectified. Feiling concentrated on Chamberlain and left out some episodes which might embarrass others, particularly when they were Fellows of All Souls. It is, for instance, odd that Sir John Simon, then a Liberal, should have drafted the Conservative vote of censure on the first Labour government over the Campbell case, when the Liberals were only asking for a committee of enquiry. Again, during the outcry over the Hoare-Laval plan, some members of the cabinet, including Chamberlain, felt that, since they had in fact endorsed the plan, they should not make a scapegoat of Hoare. One member of the cabinet however insisted that 'unless Sam went, the whole moral force of the Government would be gone'. Hoare went. In 1940, when Chamberlain proposed to move Hore-Belisha from the War Office to the Ministry of Information, a cabinet minister objected that 'it would have a bad effect on the neutrals both because H.B. was a Jew and because his methods would let down British prestige'. As Mr Macleod says, 'to all intents and purposes Hore-Belisha's career was broken'. On both occasions, the cabinet minister concerned was Lord Halifax. Such new information, though welcome, does not justify a book. Many writers have the experience at some time of taking up a subject which seems rewarding, only to discover that it has been adequately treated already. It is usual in such cases to abandon the subject with regret.

We might at least have expected that the passage of time would bring a more detached judgment, if not a more effective defence. In this, too, we are disappointed. There is little here which was not said better by Chamberlain at the time. Mr Macleod does not much explore public opinion. He has a good quotation from the Labour spokesman at the time of the German reoccupation of the Rhineland:

> It is only right to say bluntly and frankly that public opinion in this country would not support, and certainly the Labour party would not support, the taking of military sanctions or even economic sanctions against Germany at this time.

The speaker was Dr Hugh Dalton. Generally Mr Macleod is content to reiterate two points. First that 'Hitler was insatiable, war inevitable, and appeasement therefore a forlorn hope'; second, that Chamberlain, knowing the weakness of British armaments, was concerned only to buy time. Both points have become the current orthodoxy, so much so that any attempt to question them, or even to examine them dispassionately, is met not with argument, but with cries of abusive rage. Of course Hitler was bent, as other German statesmen had been, on making Germany again the dominant Power in Europe; and this undoubtedly made some war probable, if not inevitable, at some time. This is far different from saying that the war which started in September 1939 was inevitable, a war in which Great Britain found herself fighting Germany without any effective ally. Once Germany recovered from her defeat in the First World War, the only choice was between her domination over eastern Europe and Russia's; and the only clear-headed opponents of appeasement were those who preferred Russia to Germany. Most of those who condemn appeasement are even more indignant at the consequence of its failure, a consequence which was, in their own favourite word, 'inevitable' – the eclipse of the British Empire by Russia and America.

**Neville Chamberlain*. By IAIN MACLEOD. *Muller*. 30s.

Chamberlain perceived some of this, though he did not perceive all of it. He certainly appreciated the weakness of British arms, and indeed exaggerated it. He supposed, as the experts did, that bombing was a decisive weapon and that more bombing was the only answer to it. Mr Macleod waves aside the suggestion that Hitler was 'bluffing' in 1938. At this time, the Germans had 40 divisions, only one armoured; the Czechs alone had 36, four armoured. Hitler placed two divisions on his western frontier against 82 French divisions, and planned to send two more later. What was this if not bluff? It is too simple to say that Chamberlain merely aimed to buy time. He did this, but also hoped, and even believed, that appeasement might succeed.

Men, particularly statesmen, do not always think with precise and rigorous logic. Yet Chamberlain was not muddled or an appeaser by nature. On the contrary, he was more hard-headed than most of his contemporaries; he liked to get things settled one way or the other. At the beginning of the Abyssinian crisis, he was the cabinet minister most insistent for oil sanctions, though he was also the first to demand the ending of sanctions when they had obviously failed. Again, during the Abdication crisis, Chamberlain wished to present Edward VIII with a formal Cabinet advice to the King that he should end his association with Mrs Simpson, together with a warning that the Cabinet would resign if the advice were not taken. It was not that, as a Unitarian, he had religious principles against divorce; but the uncertainty was 'holding up business and employment'.

So, too, in foreign politics. Chamberlain did not have the emotional dislike of 'Versailles' common to most Englishmen at that time. He was merely irritated by the instability of the existing order, and regarded revision as an unpleasant necessity. And he was not taken in by Hitler. He found Hitler detestable, but not much more so than most foreigners except musicians. Chamberlain was neither blind nor stupid, least of all was he a coward. On the contrary, his courage was his undoing. He wanted to end uncertainty, to speed things up. In this he succeeded. His policy helped to produce in 1939 the war which everyone else, including Hitler and Mussolini, expected in 1943. His aim was to avert war. He failed; and failure on this scale cannot be excused by a plea of good intentions. Chamberlain is now beyond defence or condemnation. He needs a biographer who will try to understand him. Probably none will be found. Neville Chamberlain is fated to go on being the man of no luck.

Two 'Imitations' by Robert Lowell

1

The sleepy courtyard grows businesslike,
mules stand up by the stone well,
teamsters shout down the laughter of the feast.

A band of pigeons
blasts from the sky's blue bowl,
as if it were following the wedding party,

as if life were only an instant, of course,
the dissolution of ourselves into others,
like a wedding party approaching the window.

PASTERNAK

2 Pigeons

(For Hannah Arendt and Viola Bernard)

The same old flights, the same old homecomings,
dozens of each per day,
but at last the pigeon gets clear of the pigeon-house . . .
What is home, but a feeling of homesickness
for the flight's lost moment of fluttering terror?

Back in the dovecote, there's another bird,
by all odds the most beautiful,
one that never flew out, and can know nothing of gentleness . . .
Still, only by suffering the rat-race in the arena
can the heart learn to beat.

Think of Leonidas perhaps and the hoplites,
glittering with liberation,
as they combed one another's golden Botticellian hair
at Thermopylae, friends and lovers, the bride and the bridegroom –
and moved into position to die.

Over non-existence arches the all-being –
thence the ball thrown almost out of bounds
stings the hand with the momentum of its drop –
body and gravity,
miraculously multiplied by its mania to return.

RILKE

Man against War

The Conduct of War 1789-1961. By J. F. C. FULLER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30s.

Military historians today are in broad agreement on the developing pattern of warfare over the past 200 years. They trace how the political and social impact of the French Revolution transformed the limited 'Cabinet Wars' of the 18th century into a new type of 'absolute war', which Clausewitz first diagnosed and classified. They show how the further political and industrial developments of the 19th century made war destructive beyond all precedent, so that the fighting of the First World War shattered the political systems it was meant to defend. They trace the subsequent attempts to bypass the bloody deadlock of 1914-1918, by the development of air, armoured, and psychological warfare; and they conclude by showing how today, now that war has reached its ultimate limits of destructive power, it is in the field of ideological and political struggle, as analysed by Marx and Mao Tse-tung, with force used only as a marginal weapon, that the great conflicts of our world have to be waged, if they are to be waged rationally at all.

General Fuller has often conducted us over this ground before, but he is so vivacious and learned a guide that we are happy for him to do so again. Academics in his audience will wince at some sweeping generalisations – the description of Rousseau as having 'lit the fuse of the bomb of the Age of Reason' takes a lot of explaining – and one must expect, when it comes to the Second World War, some quite mischievously wrong-headed judgments. But much can be forgiven in a work which sums up so succinctly the learning of a lifetime and make so much that is complex clear.

General Fuller is a violently 'committed' writer. Like so many professional soldiers and sailors, he has watched with horror the development of a once respectable, and within its limits humane, profession into an organisation for mass and purposeless butchery. He describes with nostalgia the precise calculations of the Italian *condottieri*, the careful and often bloodless campaigns of the 18th century, when war was truly a political instrument to be used with economy and skill. He quotes, as military historians always do, from the reasonable and lucid pages of Vattel; and he rails passionately against the 20th-century statesmen who have unleashed and encouraged the forces of 'absolute war'. If only they had read Clausewitz, he cries! 'Had the statesmen known as much about war as an instrument of policy as the professors, we might today be living in a very different world'. Like so many soldiers who turn their attention to political matters, he sees around him only drift, incompetence and muddle. He has been taught to think clearly. The military world is intelligible: disciplined, predictable, organised on clear principles. Why can't the world of the politicians be the same?

The burden of complaint, however much one may sympathise it, restricts General Fuller's powers as a historian and lands him in certain difficulties. Statesmen do not stand outside their age: they are part of it. That is why they are statesmen and not professors. If, as General Fuller maintains, it is the great political and technical revolutions of the past century which have transformed war, one cannot expect individual statesmen to transcend those developments – least of all in a mass democracy. 'Restricted warfare', as the art book of the year

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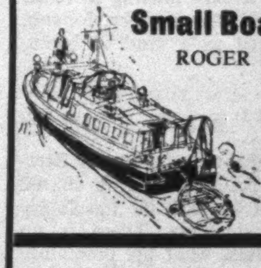

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Ferrero rightly said in 1933, 'belongs to a class of hot-house plants which can only thrive in an aristocratic and qualitative civilisation. We are no longer capable of it'. The British and American people, in the first half of this century, would not have gone to war for an 18th-century 'balance of power'. They could be roused only for a crusade: and once roused it would have been an impossible task to persuade them to accept a 'sensible' compromise peace, as General Fuller suggests, which would have left a powerful Germany, presumably armed *cap-à-pie*, to counterbalance the power of Russia. And although General Fuller denounces this failure to compromise with a hostile Germany, he denounces no less our attempts to reach a *modus vivendi* with an allied Russia; explaining them only in the drearily familiar terms of 'Red influence' and political naiveté in the White House. Indeed when we come to the contemporary scene General Fuller forgets Vattel: we are now involved, he maintains, in warfare which is ideological and therefore absolute. The apostle of moderation ends as the ally of the American Right.

This is a pity. For having taken up this position, General Fuller ignores the whole contemporary problem – of how to habituate an emotional mass-democracy to the fact that war in the future must be limited if we are to survive at all. There is no mention of Korea, or of the heart-searchings to which that most significant of campaigns gave rise. There is no reference to the guerilla fighting and 'police operations' of which war today largely consists. By the end of the journey it has become embarrassingly clear that our guide has lost the way. This is not surprising. No one else has yet found it.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Potential Husband

The Letters of Beethoven. Edited and translated by EMILY ANDERSON. 3 vols. *Macmillan. 10 gns.*

This English edition of all known Beethoven letters and documents (230 letters are new) is magnificent, and long, long overdue. It is one thing to know the German collections, mostly out of print anyhow, but unless one is absolutely bi-lingual, the effect of reading the letters in fluent, even racy English is unforeseen and exciting.

I have treasured since my student days a small edition of some chosen letters in German. To me, therefore, as to the many new readers there will now be, the first surprise is the enormous quantity. Every smallest scrap has been printed, so that we are often as though overhearing Beethoven on the telephone. There are masses of letters which are mere business. Beethoven's business, of course. There is quite a lot of correspondence, too, with London. Most of the musical Englishmen who came to Vienna got to know Beethoven, and remained in correspondence with him on their return; Viennese friends went to London. A letter to Ries in London contains a huge mass of corrections to a quintet. Ries is also given metronome marks to the *Hammerklavier* sonata for the famous Broadwood piano. ('In the English pianoforte the screws beside the feet near the lyre below should be tightened by means of a spanner.')

There are 13 lately discovered letters to the Countess Josephine Deym, née Brunsvik, which can only be classed as love letters. Emily Anderson gives it as her opinion that Beethoven hoped to marry her, and one is bound to agree. But the situation of Beethoven's *not* marrying a woman who herself afterwards marries, with the quasi-intimate letters to such a woman continuing after marriage, is quite characteristic. In one case Beethoven even wrote to mollify the husband. My intuition, maybe quite faulty, makes me guess that this situation is fundamental to Beethoven's inner character. I think of it as Beethoven's psychological need to be at least a potential husband and I ally this to the extraordinary drama over the nephew.

The letters and documents which Beethoven wrote about the nephew, Karl, are legion. They form probably the largest single set, and they are clear evidence of the obsessional quality of the whole experience. Beethoven seems unaware of how violently his unconscious desires deluded him. To the lawyer, Bach, Beethoven writes:

> There is no self-interest in my *being a guardian*. But I want *by means of my nephew* to establish a fresh memorial to my name. I do not *need my nephew*, but *he needs me*.

Beethoven's deceased brother appears in the letters as having quarrelled endlessly with a worthless wife – Karl's mother. Beethoven as potential husband identifies himself with his brother, thereby assuming the *right* to quarrel openly and bitterly with his widowed sister-in-law, and moves heaven and earth to prevent mother and son meeting. Naturally enough, therefore, he writes to Karl as his son, signing himself 'your faithful father'. Equally naturally Karl escapes from boarding-school to visit his mother, and later attempts suicide.

While Beethoven did not understand himself in this affair, others did. Beethoven writes to J. K. Bernard:

> Karl's letter has just arrived. I am returning it herewith. In spite of what Herr B[lüchlinger] has said, please *hand it back yourself to Karl* – There is no heart in it. He doesn't even express a wish to see me or to speak to me; and indeed as long as I live he shall never see me again, *for he is a monster.*

But soon after, to Blüchlinger, he says:

> To me his letter seems to consist of nothing but phrases and I very nearly sent it back to him. It was Bernard who prevented me from doing so.

After reading hundreds of letters all written with an 'I', I found it very moving to reach the letter (1097) to his other brother, Johann, whom Beethoven used as a kind of agent, where he says 'we'.

> Dear Brother!
>
> We (i.e. Karl and I) are rather anxious you should not be well . . .

This 'we' is the poignant expression of Beethoven's unfulfilled desire for some shared home, the obverse of which is the irascibility engendered by his deafness. There is no doubt, from the letters, what his premature defect meant to him. In this respect the Heiligenstadt Testament remains final:

> But how humiliated I have felt if somebody standing beside me heard the sound of a flute in the distance and *I heard nothing*, or if somebody heard *a shepherd sing* and again I heard nothing – Such experiences almost made me despair, and I was on the point of putting and end to my life – The only thing that held me back was *my art.*

Beethoven's triumph in his art was to create works of music so extraordinarily natural as somehow to exclude all question of his personality. The letters, however, throw light on his personality rather than his art. Beethoven would be the Beethoven we know and value through his music if the documents were as exiguous as those pertaining to Shakespeare. Perhaps it is a pity that this is not so. On the other hand, it must be said that there are gay and witty letters right up to the last. And early on there are letters, which are quite new to me, showing his generous and practical concern for Regine Susanna Bach, only surviving daughter of J. S. Bach and living in great poverty.

There can be nothing but praise for the editing and presentation of these volumes.

MICHAEL TIPPETT

Daily Spectacular

Television: a Personal Report. By ROBIN DAY. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

A minor social by-product of television is that men who want to Get On are no longer as shy as they used to be of wearing spectacles, for some of the most memorable TV faces habitually wear them. ('They add *interest*'.) In Robin Day's case, his defect of vision may have contributed indirectly to the formidable totality of his TV manner: part of that manner is the lowering head, as of a bull about to charge – but some years ago, in a studio, I saw him being trained to keep his head down *for a purely technical reason*, so that his spectacles would not flash reflected light into the camera.

Even without this, he would have been an outstanding newscaster and interviewer, the scourge of the phoney or evasive. His book contains an informative chapter on his techniques and tactics. The first rule of interviewing is thorough home-work: it is infuriating to watch a TV encounter in which the interviewer is obviously out of his depth; his failure is at once felt by the subject, who in turn is at a loss and ceases to try to communicate. Equally infuriating is the interviewer so obsessed by his prepared questions that he doesn't fully take in the answers and so does not follow up an unexpected one. This fault is still too common, even in the best magazine programmes (in which the interviewer, with one minute to go, may be racing towards his cherished pay-off question). As Day says, this is apt to happen when the interviewer is 'merely a producer's parrot'.

People with old-fashioned ideas of courtesy, or deference to the great, are often shocked by what they regard as the impertinence – the brashness of style, the intimacy of content – of the kind of interview which Day pioneered. He defends himself for putting a question to Mr Macmillan, in February 1958, about current Tory criticism of Selwyn Lloyd. Macmillan answered it: the fact that he did so caused a furore which now seems excessive. (It would indeed have been sensational if he had said 'I'm thinking of sacking him'; but of course he said no such thing.) If Macmillan did resent the question, he got his own back with a crushing snub a year later, when Day, in Moscow, asked him if a British general election were likely before the autumn. Day insists that the question was innocent – that he was concerned with Summit prospects. Macmillan took it as a hint that his Moscow visit was an electioneering gimmick and, in front of 300 other reporters, snapped, 'That is a question from the wrong man in the wrong place.' Again in retrospect, one may wonder whether this asperity was not prompted by a guilty consciousness that the question contained at least a half-truth. If so, Day was, perhaps, serving the British electors

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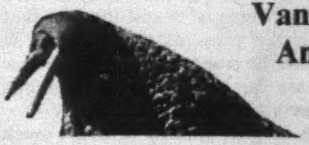

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a bit better than either he or they realised.

His concluding chapters are the most serious. He wants a 'television Hansard' – a misnomer unless there were a special channel devoted, all too tediously, to the whole proceedings of the Commons. There may be less opposition now to a late-evening, edited 'Hansard' than there was before TV showed that party conferences could be handled fairly; and there seems little objection to a two-week closed-circuit test and a free vote.

There will be less agreement with Day's demand for more bias and less balance in controversial discussion. 'Balance' is sometimes artificially imposed to an absurd degree; but there is some value in the existence of a medium of communication statutorily obliged to be politically impartial – and the fact that Day points to the press as a model of the sort of 'freedom' he wants for TV shows how naively unaware he is of the overwhelming bias of the press towards the Right.

Some of his book is padded with too much autobiographical gossip: 'Mrs. Roosevelt kindly invited us to lunch . . . ' But it is ideal for sixth-formers hankering after careers in television. It should also be read by BBC executives, for it discloses that, just before Day exchanged a modest job in radio for glittering success with ITN, he had tried and failed to get even a BBC television course. Could this still happen?

TOM DRIBERG

Fallen Idol

Thomas Wentworth, First Earl of Strafford, 1593-1641. By C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Cape.* 30*s.*

Twenty-five years ago Miss C. V. Wedgwood published a widely acclaimed biography of Strafford, which in retrospect appears almost more illuminating about the 1930s than it was about the 1630s. Strafford emerged as a kind of Tory democrat, wisely governing in both England and Ireland, paternally attending to the needs of the poor, dispensing justice with stern and impartial hand. Enlightened and upright, he was at heart a 'simple and generous man', whose own integrity and very lack of subtlety ultimately proved his undoing, and turned his momentary triumph into the tragedy of 12 May 1641.

Since then, the world has changed, and Miss Wedgwood with it. Moreover, much more material has been made available about Strafford with the opening to historians of the Wentworth Wodehouse papers. Mr J. P. Cooper has produced some unsavoury information about Strafford's financial machinations; Mr Hugh Kearney's pioneering work on Strafford in Ireland has revealed his government of that unhappy country in a very different light; and more recently Mr Terence Ranger has suggested some of the implications of Strafford's Irish policies for the Crown's opponents in England. Miss Wedgwood, in a moving and superbly readable study, has attempted to incorporate both the new findings and her own second thoughts into what is, in effect, an entirely re-written book.

As an insight into historical method and into the art of the biographer, the result is fascinating. Comparisons between *Strafford I* (1935) and *Strafford II* (1961) illuminate both the change in historical outlook between the 1930s and the 1960s, and Miss Wedgwood's own development as a biographer and historian. In personal portraiture, for instance, the effects are carefully toned down; characters are less clear-cut; chosen epithets less emotionally charged. In *Strafford I*, his brother William was of a 'sweet and docile nature'; in *Strafford II*, he is merely 'of a docile nature'. In *I*, Strafford 'struggled manfully with the greatest orators of all time'; in *II* he only 'set himself to study the speeches of the greatest orators, classical and modern'; and his 'cultivated dignity of manner' is no longer 'beyond his years'. In fact, there is throughout a deliberate restraint, and an increased awareness of complexity, which inevitably create a more convincing, because less straightforward, image than the composite Strafford the Silent figure who tends to dominate some of Miss Wedgwood's earlier works. A 'revaluation' of this kind, which reflects changes in the author as much as changes in the available information about the subject, can only enhance one's respect for her integrity and courage.

But even more illuminating is the new awareness, which Miss Wedgwood shares with other contemporary historians, of the complexity of 17th-century constitutional issues. Here again, a comparison between the two biographies suggests a very different historical world. The 'country' politicians now thresh out 'political ideas and legal theories', and no longer 'democracy and despotism', as in *Strafford I.* 'Absolute monarchy' has now become 'the period of rule without parliament', and we are no longer told that 'for the time in which he lived his ideas were liberal'. Nor are we told any more that 'it was from himself alone that he evolved his policy', for Miss Wedgwood has some interesting new passages both about his reading and about his foreign travel, which suggest a greater awareness of Continental experience and ideas.

This increased sensitivity to the complexity both of characters and issues gives this book greater depth than its predecessor. But it also leads to a blurring of the edges which often makes it difficult to know where either we, or Miss Wedgwood, stand. Skilfully as she has integrated the new information and ideas, particularly in the chapters on Ireland, there remains a certain ambiguity in her approach. While Strafford still seems to be thinking (in *Strafford II* as in *Strafford I*) of 'a new monarchy fit for a new age', it is now suggested that 'thorough' really meant nothing more to him than 'a higher standard of loyalty, responsibility and hard work among those who served the Crown'; and a key passage in the earlier version – 'the government inaugurated a policy of social reform' – has disappeared. It is not clear whether we are to see Strafford launching out on a new, uncharted course, or as attempting to return to the Elizabethan 'balance' in the state, which makes a welcome appearance in *Strafford II*. And are we really to think of Strafford as the man who 'might have averted' the Irish revolt, after all we have been told about his alienation of one group after another in Irish society?

The brilliant dustcover of this book shows a picture of Strafford in strips of different colours, like an Old Master half way through its process of restoration which the National Gallery has put on special display. The portrait shown us by Miss Wedgwood is in a similar state. Strafford appears in more sombre and more realistic colours; the patching and restoration are done, as one might have expected, with exceptional skill; but how far the final result will be faithful to the original it is still too soon to say.

JOHN ELLIOTT

Good Murders

Encyclopaedia of Murder. By COLIN WILSON and PATRICIA PITMAN. *Barker*. 30s.

I'm afraid this, though a quite useful handbook for amateur criminologists and hacks like myself, is not a very distinguished compilation. Fairly industrious, though, and likely to be popular: 576 pages of potted biographies of about 350 famous murderers arranged in alphabetical order, so that you jump from 'Allen, Margaret: Forty-two-year-old ex-bus-conductress, social misfit, frustrated Lesbian...' to 'Aram, Eugene: Profligate scholar born in 1704. . .' Rais, Gilles de is about the earliest entry I can find in date, no sign of Cain. Each collaborator contributes a separate preface. Colin Wilson is very preoccupied with existentialism, or his own interpretation of it. He seems at times to be groping towards a mystique of murder and I am suspicious of generalisations like this:

> Murder is a manifestation of the *universal* failure of values. As such, its study has for the existentialist the same kind of message that the lives of the saints have for the devout Christian. . . . Belief in the abnormality of the murderer is a part of the delusion of normality on which society is based. The murderer is different from other human beings in degree, not in kind. *All our values are makeshift*; the murderer simply goes further than most people in substituting his own convenience for absolute values.

But he makes some interesting points about apparently motiveless crime and the increase in sexual and sadistic murders in the 20th century, and has no doubts about the social immaturity of criminality.

Colin Wilson denies that he is fascinated by murder. Patricia Pitman takes a sprightly conventional line; everybody loves a good murder is her excuse for a piece of bookmaking. The biographies themselves, though many of them are sketchy and look hurriedly written, offer you a rich variety of aberration. There are 70 photographs and one way of entertaining yourself is to pick the face of a murderer you had never heard of, try to diagnose him from his physiognomy, and then look up his record. The selection is a bit arbitrary. There are very brief sketches of some of the Chicago gangsters of the Twenties, while the little known – in this country – Bella Gunness, mass murderess of men with a total score of more than 28 victims, who died in a fire in 1908, gets full treatment. There is a special section on German war crimes. Some may object to the inclusion in the list of Sacco and Vanzetti; the encyclopaedia's account, though it suggests the possibility of victimisation and mentions the rabid redphobia of Judge Thayer, doesn't give an adequate account of the two men's personal qualities. Old 19th-century favourites such as Charlie Peace, and Neill Cream the Rugeley poisoner, get due homage, but perhaps the best value are the obscure eccentrics, like the American Dr Arthur Waite, one of the most cheerfully and openly amoral of murderers, who poisoned all his wife's relatives. Rippers and mass murderers are starred – especially Kurten of Dusseldorf, who, as Colin Wilson justly claims, is one of the most interesting psychopathological cases of a sadistic killer on record, certainly the one who talked most freely about himself. There is a lot of horrific detail, to swell the Christmas trade.

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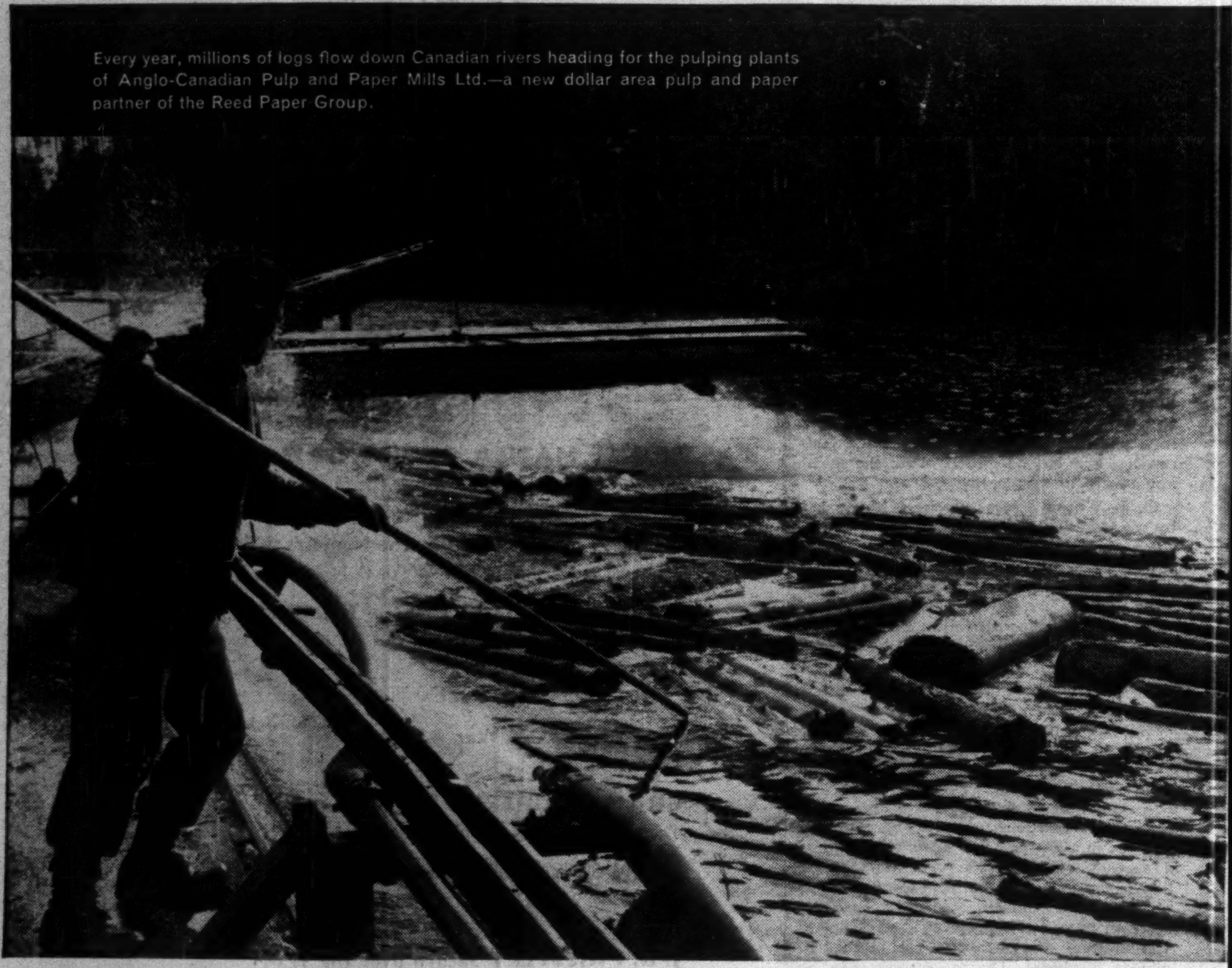

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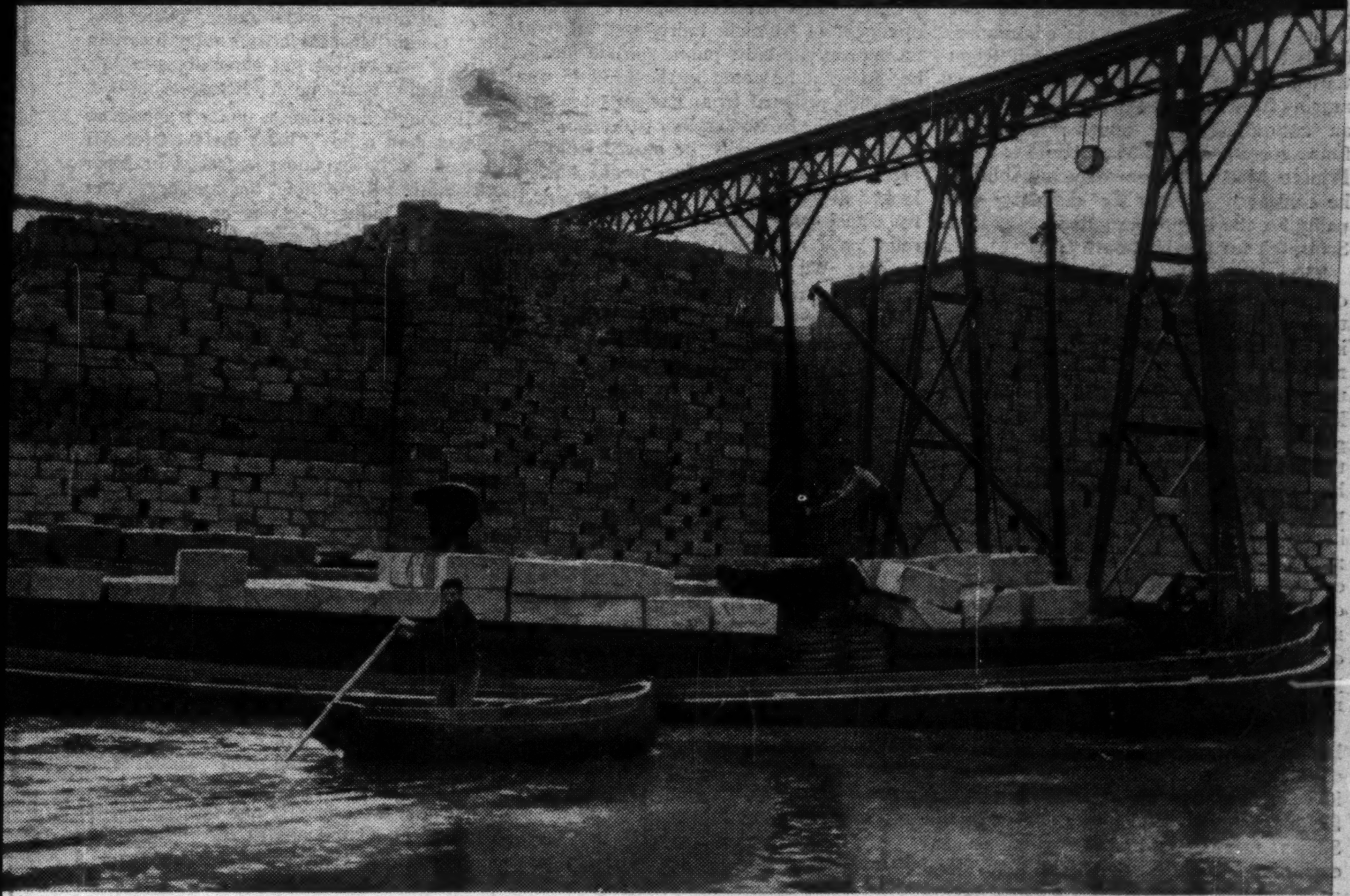

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G is for Gadarene

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Mr Simon Raven begins his study of the English Gentleman* with the candid admission that he himself is not one – a point which is well sustained by the autobiographical sections of the book. Among the snob-ridden English this G-concept has been responsible for more emotional wear and tear than almost any other. People either want to be G but feel they are non-G, or are conscious of being G and wish they were non-G. There are also a great diversity of intermediate positions. For instance, the non-G with G-longings who find solace in detecting a natural affinity between high-G, or aristocrat, and low-G, or peasant, while discounting all mid-G as *canaille*. Quite a few of these become communists. Or, like Ramsay MacDonald, drift Rightwards, tidying up their moustaches, and moving from loose red ties to art-shades. In an enthralling and, unconsciously, very funny correspondence MacDonald had with Princess Marthe Bibesco (alas, unpublished) he constantly stressed the instinctive sympathy he, the illegitimate offspring of lowly Scots, felt for this high-born lady.

Then there is the G-aspirant who harshly denounces all G-indices, scornfully referring to people with 'handles to their names' and insisting that those who seek his company must 'take him as they find him.' Again, there is the G-product who goes to great lengths to be non-G in attire and ways, getting himself up in bohemian or proletarian fancy dress, usually corduroy, rolling his own cigarettes, drinking draught beer in public bars and, in extreme cases, neglecting to shave or wash. Eton produces a fair number of these, Orwell being a classic example. Yet again, there is the converse, or Waugh variant, who seeks to overcome non-G *angst* by acquiring a grey bowler quarterings, an ear-trumpet and other G-properties. The Roman Catholic Church receives some of these.

One could go on and on. Between the humblest G-seekers, who somehow get their children into blazers and achieve a Betjeman idyll in Thornton Heath, and the higher flights who plough take-over winnings into Sussex farmlands, and buy mother an expensive new hat for the 4th of June, there are countless variations. To none of them, one may assume, will Mr Raven bring any comfort, should they be beguiled by his alluring title into reading his book. Yet, on further consideration, I am not so sure. Though his thesis is that the curtain has irretrievably fallen on G-mystique, that Debrett and Burke must be regarded henceforth as closed books, and that William Hickey has taken over from the College of Arms, there may still be crumbs of comfort. G-addiction, like all others, can derive sustenance from unlikely material. When the scotch runs out there is always surgical spirit. Mr Raven, a product of Charterhouse and King's College, Cambridge, proclaims the dawning of the Age of Cads. May there not, even so, be some joy here for G-addicts, as, for instance, there was for the Dean of Canterbury in Stalin's anti-God museums?

Mr Raven's chapters in G-theory are, frankly, old hat. Platonism, the noblest Romans of them all, medieval chivalry (how I prefer Cervantes's version!), knights-at-arms, Restoration insouciants, 18th-century sophisticates, Dr Arnold's worthies – these phantoms have often enough rattled their scutcheons. To illustrate his theme, Mr Raven cites the mythical case of one Captain Matthew James Tench MC, a valiant soldier in the 1914-1918 war, a Conservative MP too honest for office, an opponent of Munich. Fairly well off, with an appropriate lady, public-spirited locally, he did what he could in the 1939-45 war, and then resigned from Parliament with a knighthood. In now rather straitened circumstances financially, he moved from the big house into the lodge, found himself looked at askance by his formerly respectful constituents, and closed his eyes with relief on a world which had become alien to him. We are supposed, I take it, to regard this as a harrowing story. I really cannot see why. Think of all the things that might have happened to Tench in a world like ours! He might, at the very least, have had to become secretary to a golf club. Or a civil defence officer.

It is when Mr Raven writes about himself that his G-lore begins to sizzle. Despite his, as he sees it, non-G family background and proclivities, at Charterhouse he shone, both at his books and on the playing field. A zealot for the corps, one Holtby, was able, in wartime circumstances, to be a bit of a pest, but Mr Raven managed to disengage himself from the ardours Holtby inflicted on his devotees. Poor Holtby! Like all the others in Mr Raven's narrative who tried to observe G-rules, he came to no good. G-behaviour, Mr Raven sadly concludes, just does not pay any more. Whereas his own non-G course has, with some vicissitudes, proved advantageous, the Holtbys have got nowhere.

Mr Raven ran into trouble at Charterhouse over indulging in homosexual practices. He provides a fascinating blow-by-blow account of his attempted and carefully calculated seduction of a boy named Alexis, which ended with an encounter in a secret place in the woods. Though Alexis had taken off his clothes, he observed intimations of desire in Mr Raven's face, and, disgusted, put his clothes on again. This struck me as unreasonable. In comparable heterosexual circumstances, I should have been decidedly annoyed. After all, as every old Chatterleian knows, undressing in a wood usually implies desire, unless, of course, one happens to be a nudist, which does not appear to have been the case with either of the two boys in question. Mr Raven, however, only loved Alexis the more. Thenceforth he turned to baser pursuits, for which he was finally sacked.

The G-implications of this episode elude me. Was it non-G of Mr Raven to seek to seduce Alexis? I should scarcely suppose so. It would be preposterous, surely, to suggest that homosexuality, as such, is non-G. There are many authenticated instances of high-G indulgence in it. Non- and to a lesser extent mid-G, on the other hand, are predominantly heterosexual. Homosexuality itself would seem to have G-undertones. This may be because male good looks tend to be a G-index, whereas female attractiveness is, for the most part, unrelated to G-standing. Homosexual loves, like the Battle of Waterloo, are won and lost on the playing-fields of Eton; heterosexual ones are far less specialised, and have an infinitely wider range. There may be a G-aphrodisiacal flavour about a certain type of womanising, but, generally speaking, G or non-G is all one in a heterosexual bed.

Leaving Charterhouse under a cloud no bigger than a boy's hand involved for Mr Raven, as he explains, no social or other disabilities. If anything, the contrary. After doing his military service he was able to take up the scholarship he had won at King's. Though, owing to indolence, he failed to achieve high academic distinction there, he enjoyed himself and, what is more, carried away a favourable impression of the place. Indeed, he goes so far as to suggest that at King's G-standards are still upheld, and even that they might be restored elsewhere if equivalent disciplinary methods were applied. One imagines, or tries to, Noel Annan and his colleagues instigating a G-revival by precept and example through the length and breadth of the land.

Unlike King's, smart society falls under Mr Raven's displeasure as G-deficient. He describes the imaginary case of one Susan Strange, exceptionally well-endowed with G-indices – daughter of a nobleman of 'very ancient lineage', charm 'compounded in equal parts of perkiness, arrogance and blatant sexuality,' a 'brilliant and somewhat jerky intelligence which she exercised on the arts, literature and social scandal of the day.' Could a lady be better placed G-wise? Yet what does she do? She sleeps about the place with all and sundry, she allows herself to be used as Hickey-fodder, and permits a little circle of dubiously G adventurers to enclose and exploit her. Here again one wishes Mr Raven had been more explicit about the Honourable Susan's G-misdemeanours. If promiscuity and appearances in Hickey's column are to be considered, in themselves, non-G, then some of the most distinguished G-names of our time are automatically disqualified.

After King's, Mr Raven did another stint in the army. Among his fellow-officers, as at Charterhouse, he noticed that G-practitioners fell by the wayside while non-G officers throve. He is particularly incensed at the increasing inroads made into regimental messes by the non-G practice of early matrimony, which, he considers,

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undermines the requisite G-devotion to Queen and country. One just cannot imagine what would be the effect on Mr Raven of a visit to America, where even high school students nowadays tend to get married, and many a transatlantic Alexis can be seen, between classes, pushing a pram about the campus.

Somewhere or other, embedded in this weird outpouring, Mr Raven has a point. It is, presumably, that our society is decomposing, and that its values, including G-ones, are therefore ceasing to be operative. Further, that the ostensible upholders of these values are, for the most part, on the run, and anxious to prove themselves free from G-fixation. Hence their tolerance of Mr Raven. Confronted with this situation, his own feelings would appear to be mixed, but underneath the non-G bravado I seem to detect a secret G-addiction.

Soustelle's Aztecs

The Daily Life of the Aztecs. By JACQUES SOUSTELLE. Translated by Patrick O'Brien. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*

The fact that Jacques Soustelle, Director of the *Musée de l'Homme* and celebrated authority on Aztec culture and linguistics, is one and the same as Jacques Soustelle, late Governor-General of Algeria, and principal organiser of the *Gaulliste* revolution, must necessarily make one wonder how far his academic writings and political activities are intertwined. Briefly, they are not. Mexican history may support the proposition that in times of political confusion any resolute minority can readily effect a *coup d'état* but I can find no other overlap between the two halves of our author's life.

The original French edition of this book appeared in 1955, when Soustelle was Governor-General of Algeria. It is a 'popular' work of the best type; though addressed to a non-specialised audience, there is no compromise with professional standards; every statement of fact is backed by a reference. My chief criticism is that this is too static a picture. At the beginning of the 16th century, before ever the Spaniards appeared on the scene, Aztec society was already caught up in a whirlwind of changing circumstance; add to this the fact that the more sophisticated aspects of Aztec culture had been largely borrowed from earlier civilisations. and Soustelle's careful concentration upon the state of affairs as at 1519 becomes a little artificial. Yet even if the image is too static and too idealised, it makes sense. The Spaniards justified their orgy of loot and destruction by gloating over horror stories of human sacrifice; I prefer to believe in Soustelle's Aztecs, who are a gentle people preoccupied with elegance and beauty.

The orthodox modern view is that the 'Emperor' Montezuma had little effective power. The Aztec political system embodied a loose conglomeration of mutually jealous allies, many of whom were quite willing to side with the Spaniards against their nominal overlords. Soustelle favours a more authoritarian interpretation and thus probably exaggerates the grandeur of the whole regime. Those who would judge this matter for themselves should consult George Vaillant's Penguin, *The Aztecs of Mexico.*

EDMUND LEACH

Schools All Over

The Schools. By MARTIN MAYER. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

Beaumont. By PETER LEVI. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*

Martin Mayer writes on education with the pace and edge of a good journalist. What a relief this is in a subject where so very many books appear to be the result, when they are English, of boiling up old bones and red flannel, when they are American, of pressure-cooking plastic. The assimilative strength of the professional jargon – especially in its American form – is so strong, however, that not even the brisk Mr Mayer is wholly free from the blight. There are too many 'exposures', 'areas' and 'fields'. But in general he is nimble and racy, and his study of American schools, their past, practice and assumptions, is a remarkable example of historical telescoping and sociological sharpshooting. His book is crammed with facts, innumerable, spicy, knobbly facts, and he has that special American talent for getting at them and arranging them. He is the John Gunther of the educational scene, always on the hoof.

This edition of *The Schools* is addressed to the British reader although the bulk of it is concerned with American schools. Since, as he points out, Britain and America are alike in being insular, urban, biased towards white-collar jobs and against manual occupations, long since industrialised and comparatively late by Continental standards in providing free, compulsory, universal education, what he says about American schools is also significant for British readers. America is only Britain writ – or televised – large. It is also true that the educational systems of both countries are at one in seeming to be, as Matthew Arnold said of the British Constitution, colossal machines for the production of philistines.

Some of this has to do with the bland set of middle-class values which both societies propagate in their schools; some of it with the discrepancy between these pious generalities and the current class-riddled and commercial actuality. Within the schools it has also to do, in Mr Mayer's view, with the theory of learning under which they have operated for the past 30 years. This is a combination of Thorndyke's rat and cat-derived theory of stimulus and response and the Progressivist idea that there are 'laws' of child development which made children 'ready' to learn at certain periods of their lives but not before. This 'readiness' was not in the control of teacher or child, nor was the failure to learn their responsibility either. Learning was behaviour and had to be very specifically 'motivated' by hunger in animals, by marks in school. The desire for high marks, however, as Mayer points out, is not so widely spread among children as the desire for food among animals. In this theory hardly any weight is given to the fascination of the thing in hand, even less to the importance of abstraction and the construction of principles, and none at all to the teacher's ability to teach or the capacity for effort on the part of the child. The result has been, according to Mayer, to make the schools safe for stupidity and to accept for the ordinary child a limit of learning far below what he could achieve if he were decently and thoroughly taught.

In Mr Mayer's book we can catch at least a glimpse of pretty well everything of importance connected with the schools. And if every topic isn't treated with equal success – I thought he was least convincing on the teaching of literature – each of them benefits from his tirelessness in looking and listening and from his accurate sense of the concrete. He reminds us how much we have to learn from the Danes on the teaching of modern languages, from the Belgians on the teaching of mathematics, and from the French, who have 15 per cent of their 18-year-olds still at school, on technical education. He comes back again and again to what seems to him the central problem in teaching: some teachers appear to be able to teach anyone anything. How can we extract the communicable from the work of these geniuses and make it available to the average teacher? Mr Mayer calls this the neglected problem of the technology of teaching. Perhaps it isn't a problem so much as a mystery, and not a technology so much as an art. But whatever it is, it is a fit and urgent subject of enquiry. Mr Mayer's book is a good beginning.

With *The Schools* the reader is always conscious of the sway of the present, the shambling world we live in now. But *Beaumont*, a history of the Jesuit school, seems to belong to another context and a different time: so many royal visitations, so many names like Lady Biddulph and Sir Henry Ponsonby, so many remarks like: 'Beaumont boys get on noticeably better than others with servants and sergeants.' You might even take the book to be a snobbish memorial to a vanishing order. If you did, you would be wholly wrong. The matter of *Beaumont*, mannered and marginal as it is, achieves the rare and difficult status of personal, human experience, since nothing is foreign to art,

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WILLIAM WALSH

Fit to Kill

African Genesis. By ROBERT ARDREY. *Collins*. 36*s*.

Among social animals, including primates, each family or larger group appropriates a territory, which it invariably defends if neighbours seek to encroach. Within the group a hierarchy of status is maintained, based on individual dominance and promoting 'the natural selection of the more fit from the less'. Therefore, says Mr Ardrey, man, too, is endowed with instincts of territory, possession and competition for place. They, and not sex, constitute the real biological foundations of human society.

To this series of instincts, which have been discovered, he claims, so recently, and which have been almost deliberately kept so secret, that they are still generally unknown, he now adds two others. Enthusiastically embracing and passionately defending Professor Dart's theories about *Australopithecus africanus*, 'our last direct ancestor in the animal world', he maintains that man is genetically both 'a predator with an instinct to kill' and a maker of lethal weapons. The noble savage, we are told once again, is a myth; man's original nature is not 'peaceable and good', but reflected rather in the 'juvenile delinquents' of *West Side Story*, with their hierarchically structured gangs, parochial loyalties and external hostilities, and switch-blade knives for use in assault and larceny.

The implication, to which Mr Ardrey does not hesitate to point, is that Marxist and other schemes of social reform are foredoomed to failure. Classless societies, equal ownership of property, universal peace and the extinction of nationalism, are ideals so irreconcilable with human nature that to pursue them is futile and even dangerous; and since woman's instinctive role is that of 'sexual specialist' and caretaker of children, while 'status, territory, and society are invariably masculine instincts', social equality of the sexes is similarly an objective whose attainment leads only to unhappiness and the psychoanalyst's couch.

If our 'single, universal cultural preoccupation' is the development and contest of superior weapons, 'must the city of man therefore perish in a blinding moment of universal annihilation?' Mr Ardrey plays with the idea, but rejects it. He believes apparently that salvation lies awaiting in 'nature's most ancient law, the instinct for order', and that natural selection favours, as a factor in human survival, the evolution of 'that sublimating, inhibiting, super-territorial institution which we call, loosely, civilization'. But his discussion of this particular topic is obscured in a cloud of metaphor and analogy, and just how 'civilization' can achieve what social reformers are powerless to effect he never really succeeds in demonstrating clearly.

Mr Ardrey develops his thesis in great detail and with many a fascinating aside. He draws extensively upon the works of naturalists and anthropologists, re-telling with gusto and often at length their more revealing or delightful anecdotes of animal behaviour, and adding what he himself knows of them personally or as controversialists. He writes vividly and with a deliberate use of dramatic effect, purple passage, well-turned phrase, and even well-worn cliché; and, coyly, when advancing views of his own, occasionally abandons the usual 'I' for the more reticent 'this observer'. Although not always fair to authors whom he wishes to criticise (for example, he frequently quotes Zuckerman's *Social Life of Monkeys and Apes*, but either has not understood or wilfully ignores the 12th chapter of that classic), he has compiled an account of man's origins and animal affinities both entertaining and instructive, if not necessarily authentic throughout.

I. SCHAPERA

Sagan in Darkness

Wonderful Clouds. By FRANÇOISE SAGAN. Translated by Anne Green. *Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Rose under Glass. By ELIZABETH BERRIDGE. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

The Forgotten Smile. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Macmillan*. 18*s*.

No Empty Hands. By PETER DE POLNAY. *W. H. Allen*. 15*s*.

On the large assumption that life goes on for her characters outside her own curt pages, Françoise Sagan brings back Josée in *Wonderful Clouds*, grown up enough to have married a rich American and reached the point of leaving him. Alan is a good specimen of the collapsed hero, a type current just now in whom inadequacy takes the form of bronzed, open charm, who satisfy their women in bed and leave a neurotic emptiness in the rest of their lives. His dependence on mother has been transferred to his wife as nagging jealousy – apart from virility it's all he has to offer her. Josée suffers, escapes, comes back: she gives plentiful grounds for jealousy with none of Albertine's evasions, but otherwise provides a sort of Albertine's-eye-view of the situation. The scene is variously marked Florida, New York and Paris. A bit fluffy here and there, this is still a very cool performance, perhaps Mlle Sagan's best. What is new is a note of edginess, as if she is now entering a dark phase. Physical love-making has much the same role here as the connection for a crowd of junkies, but with something derisory about it as well: partly in the way it takes place, in a fishing-boat or on the bathroom floor, partly because for Josée it's never more than a gesture of retaliation. Sexual feeling is absent from the book, and its absence is only underlined by the licence given to sexual acts; we are as far as can be from the classical treatment of the subject, in *Mansfield Park*, for instance.

The absences in Françoise Sagan seem to me what make her, in a tiny way, quite exemplary. This applies above all to an absence of moral interest so complete that, like the 'alienation' effect in Brecht which is loosely comparable, it has a positive function in her writing. Every remark serves to refine a character psychologically, but without letting a shade of moral nuance appear. These characters never ask for approval or disapproval, they simply exist; and the reader has nowhere to put his sympathies. In one way, this is a strain on the reader, who misses the indulgence of feeling appealed to; in another, it helps to account for Mlle Sagan's popularity. In spite of their horrifying lives, perfect amorality gives her characters a sort of prelapsarian quality; they are actually enviable. This is reinforced by the only thing that corresponds to a good life in their circle – moments of detachment verging on coma when they simply lie in the sun and nothing happens 'demanding words and gestures'. Josée's way of getting far out is to spend afternoons in the car at the Porte d'Orléans, smoking, looking at a tree. This is how Mlle Sagan, who gets many of her effects from literature, employs Baudelaire's *merveilleux nuages.*

The title *Rose under Glass* warns you of the kind of artifice to expect in Elizabeth Berridge. 'Like a rose drowned horribly in an inverted glass globe, or a bird frozen to its singing branch' describes Penelope's widowhood, and a good deal of gracious writing like this is made to do duty for accuracy. Hard facts – the routine of Penelope's existence in her mews flat, a walk to school in the northern suburbs – bring out the best in Miss Berridge. But there aren't many of them: the book broods over problems that lend themselves to the sounding of vague, muted chords. Penelope's loneliness is echoed in the refugee Stefan, in Nika who longs for the Welsh countryside, and the lost soul at a cocktail party who cries 'I need a friend!' Each experiences the failure of communication – 'the core of our western tragedy' as one of them puts it, in a vein of high seriousness they affect without much conviction. Conversation in this book is apt to seem above the characters' heads. One way or another with Miss Berridge, attention is fatally distracted from the tale to the pretensions of the novelist. Besides, her determined grace and intelligence are no match for moments of absurdity like:

> 'How divinely innocent you are, I adore you!' exclaimed Stefan. His hand trembled as he swept off his expensive spectacles and gazed hotly at her.

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Peter de Polnay brings out novels with the air of taking a trick each time. *No Empty Hands* is about renunciation of urbane success and a charming mistress, for a cell in a monastery at St Wilfrids-on-Sea. *Angst* in these English Catholic terms is well-mannered and rather playful, offset by an Edwardian consideration for the feelings of others and the disposal of property. The change of Francis Farrell into Brother Jerome is well realised, not in depth so much as probability: it might easily happen to someone not very interesting in real life. But what matters is the incongruous angle of the story. The narrator, a failed writer past 50, with a few scraps of integrity and a habit of sniggering into his beard, provides the perfect off-beat comment on a Galsworthian situation. Mr de Polnay takes his trick. This sort of loaded comedy is easily within his grasp, and it's only a pity he hasn't reached further.

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Le Nôtre

Trail Sinister. By SEFTON DELMER. *Secker & Warburg*. 30*s*.

Try to buy *L'Express* in Paris and you may be asked,'*Le nôtre ou le vôtre*?'. A kind of odious comparison seems almost to be implied: you have the *Express* – *nous, l'Express*. Nor do patriotic attempts to belittle the Beaverbrook influence meet with much success among intelligent Continentals. One has to explain the strange fact that this sort of thing, in England, isn't wholly serious. The Beaverbrook press may *sound* like the Hugenberg press of the Twenties (which Mr Delmer describes in his autobiography) or like the recent Parisian *La Jeune Nation* (now banned), but really the British Left should be grateful for 'their' *Express*. A decaying imperialism gives off dangerous gases, as the French should know. The *Express* is our safety-valve. Our demos still end with tea and crumpets, not with bodies in the Thames.

Nevertheless, hygienic as its function may be, the *Express*, and its lack of real power, remain an enigma. Will future historians find the solution in the memoirs of the Beaver's acolytes? Not in Mr Delmer's, at any rate. Mr Delmer was picked by the Beaver for his menagerie on one of his flying visits to the Adlon Hotel in Berlin. It was a shrewd choice. Delmer knew Germany and the Germans intimately. He had gone to school in Berlin, where his father taught English, and had been caught there by the outbreak of war in 1914. He developed a love-hate relationship towards all things German which led him to admire the growing Nazi movement, as he frankly admits, while doing his utmost, as a patriotic British newspaperman, to expose the goings-on of the Black *Reichswehr* in Russia. He became a personal friend of Röhm and Hitler, sharing the Führer's private plane on his election flights. Unfortunately, Mr Delmer has not much to add to the already well-documented history of that epoch (except on the Reichstag fire; he was with Hitler and Göring on the night of the fire, and argues, I think conclusively, for the sole guilt of van der Lubbe).

This ambivalence towards Germany provides the main interest of Mr Delmer's book. The stories he has to tell are often entertaining, but he has the journalist's, not the historian's gift; too much of his history is simply stale news – a weakness emphasised unnecessarily by the *Express*-like sub-editing of his paragraphs. His own complex feelings towards the Germans he analyses with great acuteness and honesty. But though the disgust with Nazi methods is no doubt genuine, the fellow-feeling is plainly there, and was shared no doubt by many of his readers.

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Spurs: the Double. By JULIAN HOLLAND. *Heinemann*. 16*s*.

The Double and Before. By DANNY BLANCHFLOWER. *Kaye*. 15*s*.

Not since the days of my schoolboy heroes in the *Wizard* and *Rover* have I been so inspired. Mr Holland introduces us to four demi-gods, Blanchflower, Mackay, Jones and White, with the other players, and even the manager Bill Nicholson, in the role of competent assistants. Next to my own team, Burnley, Tottenham Hotspur is my favourite and if we fail in the honours list I get consolation when they succeed. But I am not nearly as wild a supporter as the author is, and their achievement appears to me slightly less magnificent than it does to him. The fact that Wolves and Manchester United failed by a hair's breadth to bring off the League and Cup double suggests that it wasn't as hard as it was thought a few years ago. The profiles of the individual players are good, and so enthusiastic that many readers will be puzzled as to why the team ever lost a match. I couldn't help imagining a Saturday afternoon at White Hart Lane, with a muddy, ankle-deep pitch churned up by opponents who had become desperate, kicking and hacking, in their attempts to have their revenge. The 11 immaculate Spurs stick to that sweet football of theirs, scorning mud and tempers. At the final whistle the whole team troops off victorious and their famous white jerseys are tucked away for the next encounter without so much as a laundering. Mr Holland sees them not as I see every team in the country: guilty of bad sportsmanship and doubtful tackles. Practically every match, it seems, was won on merit. I can't help feeling that Spurs won playing badly and playing well.

1960-61 was a memorable season and anyone with the slightest affection for Spurs will treasure this book. Elsewhere in the country I am not so sure how it will be received. They've had the name of Tottenham shoved down their throats daily by press and television for a season and more. But no matter how grudging we care to be, the record is stamped with their achievement, though scarcely in Mr Holland's glowing terms. Bannister was the first to crash the four-minute-mile barrier, and Spurs have captured the two titles in one for the first time this century. Perhaps the story would have gone better if the Cup run had been plaited together with the second half of the League programme. After they win the League title against Sheffield Wednesday, you go drooping back to the beginning of the Cup quest, and a Hitchcock climax is missed. Nevertheless, this is an outstanding book. Football books haven't, as far as I know, contributed anything to literature, but this one is a cut above the rest.

How can a disciple give an unbiased opinion of the master's work? That has been my own relationship with Danny Blanchflower for at least ten years: I believe I am closer to him than anyone outside his family and he has been a terrific influence on my life. Danny is one of the cleverest people I have ever met and one of the most honest. On the field he has set a standard for every aspiring youngster and off it he has thought and acted in a manner that everyone would do well to copy. He has been branded a rebel and a big-head by people who envy or fear him, but no one has helped to raise the professional footballer's status more than he has, by standing firm against, in his own words, the out-dated and evil rules which govern this great game. If you feel he attributes too much of the many successes he has shared to his own ability, it must be said that much of his greatness stems from the confidence he has in himself.

His career has been long and eventful, but I'd have preferred him to have devoted more time to the present set-up in soccer and to the future. Some people may feel disappointed because he hasn't used the language of the terraces or of the sensational Sunday newspapers. But there's no doubt that his fluency with words, and his courage, have enabled him to strike tellingly at a number of vulnerable spots. I have waited a long time for this book to be published. In our travels to many corners of the globe we have discussed it, often into the small hours of the morning, and reading it was like recapturing the past, a past only football could provide. My only wish is that Danny goes on wearing the number four of Tottenham and Ireland long enough to thrill millions more and to write another.

JIMMY MCILROY

A Moth in a Morning

The heat is breaking up, touches of yellow
Curl under the apple trees or catch the poplars,
Just catches, signs of turn, the mellow
Matching with flurries in the night, the rustlers
Tapping on lights or drumming on the panes.
'Late, late, too late!' thus cry huge dying female
Spiders that lurch across the walls. 'No gains!'
They cry, dropping from beams. Dozens of pale
Moths glare with their pink eyes, a flurry
Finishing summer, lightning flickering, the rains
Gathering in September mists. 'Come hurry!'
The first leaves fallen say. And yet today
I see, in waning humid light, so brave,
A single papery half-broken moth make way,
White in the morning, on wings summer gave,
In an uncertain moment as the storms rise over there,
Describing an irregular life-hope, hovering, in her small air.

DAVID HOLBROOK

George

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'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.' But not if the year is 1848 and the promise of dawn is betrayed by a noontide drizzle. In 1789, and again in 1917, history really was starting again at Year One. Even those who repudiated the later phases remained children of the Revolution which was young when they were young.

But the generation of 1848 was a different and an angrier brood. The year started with a superbly insurrectionary dawn, and a whole generation of sensitive young men, later to become respectable or even eminent Victorians, shared the thrill of exaltation as they heard the rumble of the thrones falling and the people taking over. Measured in terms of governments overturned, barricades stormed and popular risings started, 1848 was the most revolutionary year in the history of the West. Yet soon most of the Kings had climbed back to their thrones and the crowds to their tenements. The spectre of mass democracy had been banished and the spirit of bourgeois progress took over control of the century.

The most exciting scenes were played, of course, in foreign capitals – Paris, Berlin and Budapest. But we had our moment of characteristic British drama. April 10, the day of the Chartist revolution, turned out to be rainy; the vast concourse on Kennington Common, after a beautiful address by Feargus O'Connor, dispersed without marching on Westminster, and the 150,000 special constables sworn for the occasion had nothing to do. Only one episode has equalled the anticlimax of 1848, and that was the anticlimax of 1926. Indeed, it would be interesting to compare the effect of these two fiascos – Chartism and the General Strike – on the Radical youth of their respective generations.

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MULLER

Of the effect on the Victorians we have plenty of evidence from the writings of such a varied group as Carlyle, Mill, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold and Clough. If only one of these democratic fiascos had been a success! Then the whole history of the epoch might have been different. As it was, these young Radicals, each in his own way, became a reactionary, ashamed of his brief revolutionary illusions but revolted by the Establishment and its vulgar philosophy of progress.

Perhaps the best example of the Radical reaction precipitated by 1848 is to be found in the career of James Anthony Froude. The most readable – but probably the least read – of Victorian historians, Froude is chiefly remembered, I suspect, thanks to his reputation for prejudice and unreliability. For this reputation he himself was partly to blame. Did he not once say:

> I am accused of being a prejudiced man, and it is true. A good stiff prejudice is a very useful thing. It is like a rusty weathercock: it will yield to a strong breeze, but it does not go veering about with every little puff of wind.

It was when I found that remark in the new biography* that I first began to have a fellow feeling for this awkward pundit. As I read on, the fellow feeling changed to respectful admiration. Here was a Victorian who failed to achieve eminence because he kept on repudiating the cant of his times. In re-telling the story, Mr Dunn has shown a welcome and wise humility. Froude left an autobiographical fragment, which covered the first 38 years of his life. It is here reprinted in full, interspersed with the relevant passages from two autobiographical novels and extracts from his copious correspondence. This sounds like an academic hotchpotch, but in fact Mr Dunn has stitched his material together with skill, and this biography is one of the most fascinating I have read for many a day.

James Anthony was the youngest son of the austere Rector of Dartington and the youngest brother of Hurrell Froude, the friend of Newman and leader of the Oxford Movement. As a boy, he feared his father and adored his brother, both of whom bullied him unmercifully, and after they died most of his life was spent trying to get even with his memories of them. A weakly child, at the age of three he was taken out of bed every morning and dipped in the ice cold water which ran from a spring into a granite trough in the back yard. 'I remember now the horror of the plunge,' he recalls. Brother Hurrell thought that he lacked manliness.

> A small stream ran along the fence which enclosed the garden, with newts, frogs, and other ugly things in it. I remember Hurrell once when I was very little taking me by the heels and stirring the mud at the bottom with my head. It had not the least effect which he desired.

At the local school he showed himself the most brilliant of the family and had read the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the original before he was 11. Though he was still small and feeble, Hurrell advised his father to send him to college at Westminster two years early. There he spent four ghastly years – unforgettably described in the autobiography – which left him a broken, cringing creature, classed as mentally backward by his teachers. When the Headmaster finally advised his removal, he arrived home without his shirts, because they had been stolen, and without his books, because they had been torn to pieces by the collegers. He was at once severely beaten by his father, with Hurrell standing by, telling him that the dose would be repeated till he confessed that he had pawned them.

Then came 1836, which he described as 'a year memorable in our own family. Two sisters died and my eldest brother died, to be soon followed by the next.' Though he never admitted it to himself, the death of Hurrell was a liberation, and four months later he started three years of gentlemanly dissipation at Oriel, indulging himself in Pindar, Aeschylus and Sophocles at breakfast and in claret at night. During a reading party in the Lakes, he fell in love – in moonlight and by a waterfall – with the beautiful Harriet Bush, repented of his idleness and sat down to work for his First. But it was necessary to borrow a few hundred pounds to pay off his debts, and the cheque arrived, in a letter addressed to him at Dartington Rectory, on the day before he got home. His father opened it, wrote to Harriet's father – that was that.

Plunged back into despair, Froude got a safe Second and found himself a job tutoring the sons of an Evangelical parson in Wicklow. Here his suppressed opposition to the dead Hurrell aroused that hatred for the Catholic and admiration for the Protestant which was to colour all his historical writings. But when his host attacked the Oxford Movement, he felt bound to state that Newman was 'incapable of dishonesty' and was at once sent home in disgrace.

Now, to the illumination of Irish Protestantism was added the blinding vision of *Heroes and Hero Worship*.

> The question which Carlyle asked of every institution, secular or religious, was not, Is it true? but Is it alive? ... You do not ask if a tree is true. You ask, Is there life in it?

Within a few months Froude had won the Chancellor's Prize for an English essay and a Fellowship at Exeter, which enabled him to think with dangerous freedom. From opposite points of view, both Newman and Carlyle had taught him that Christianity

---

**James Anthony Froude.* 1818-1856. By WALDO HILARY DUNN. *Oxford.* 35s.

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could not be justified by reason. Yet, because he was still a conventional young man, he did what was then required of a Fellow and took Holy Orders, 'the greatest mistake of my life.' From that moment his mind was afflicted by ever more exhilarating doubts. He shared them privately with Arthur Hugh Clough but he could only put them on paper under the guise of fiction. His first novel described in detail his school life, his love affair, his father's cruelty and his loss of faith. It caused a break with his home and whispers in the Common Room.

In 1845 Newman joined the Roman Church and Oxford was shaken by tremors of reform. Froude now wanted to leave Holy Orders. But in those days it was impossible for a Fellow to resign his Orders. Thrilled by the stirrings of revolution in Europe, as well as in his own soul, Froude fled to Killarney and composed his second, even more autobiographical novel, *The Nemesis of Faith*. It is May 1848, and he has won the friendship of Charles Kingsley. He writes to the Christian Socialist:

> Nothing will open rich John Bull's understanding but a hand at his throat and 'Your money or your life.' He will give in then as all men with a base faith will. Love of life is the last form of truth which hangs about bad men, and in default of every other good principle it is all which is left to appeal to . . . Goodbye. Write to me.

The ecstasy did not last long. In Europe democracy collapsed: in Oxford the publication of *The Nemesis of Faith* was too much for the Rector of Exeter, who consigned the book to the flames in College Hall and demanded Froude's immediate resignation. At once he had four offers of assistance from spirited Liberals and agnostics. Alas, Froude was neither, Hating the Establishment, despising the Liberals, he appealed to Carlyle, who remarked that his heterodoxy had been flavoured with a disgusting sentimentalism and said that 'he ought to burn his own smoke and not trouble other people's nostrils with it.'

A few months later we find him tutoring the daughters of a Manchester manufacturer, who tries to get him the editorship of the *Guardian*. But Froude is now more than 30 and the storm is blowing out. Simultaneously entangled with two charming girls, he suddenly chooses the better born, with £500 a year, starts a family in a cottage under Snowdon and gets down to the job of becoming a man of letters and a historian.

Here the autobiographical fragment breaks off, and with it the first volume of Mr Dunn's biography. The spiritual odyssey is over and Froude's wildly divided passions are crystallising into those tough, edgy prejudices that inspired all his best writing. Already he is the self-confessed acolyte of Carlyle – later to become his controversial biographer. What both men hated most was humbug, and this prevented them from coming to terms either with Victorian orthodoxy or with its Liberal critics. But Froude wrote English far better than his master and had a deeper understanding of democracy than any of his contemporaries except Bagehot. Already he was denouncing Home Rule as an unrealistic compromise and asserting that the only alternatives for Ireland were strong British rule or complete independence. Foreseeing that Britain would have to choose between democracy and empire, he predicted that we should prefer the comforts of appeasement.

> The English people do not see that to remove even just grounds of complaint is made useless by the form in which the concession is made. They never legislate beforehand with a desire to be just; they wait for rebellion or danger of it, and then they yield without dignity and without deliberation.

The lesson of 1848 had become the prejudice of a lifetime. In his own generation Froude sounded like an angry extremist. But today many of his judgments on democracy and empire make a great deal more sense than the progressive platitudes of his eminent contemporaries.

Clowns

Harpo Speaks! By HARPO MARX. *Gollancz*. 25*s*.

My Crazy Life. By BUD FLANAGAN. *Muller*. 18*s*.

Plays of the Year. Edited by J. C. TREWIN. *Elek*. 18*s*.

Two clowns, both born in the Nineties in poor Jewish communities, both rising through team acts to fame and fortune: but what a contrast! Harpo, mute in greasepaint, now discloses a garrulous lifetime of private antics pretty like the public ones we knew; off-stage, as on, he was innocent, larky, *faunesque*. Having prospered, his biggest leap occurred when he was 'discovered' by Alexander Woollcott and whisked into a clique of gambling intellectuals and high-lifers (such as Harold Ross, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker) to whom he became first a brilliant listener and later an all-licensed fool. The '20s and '30s flashed by in a mad blur of bets, croquet, bizarre house parties and Riviera holidays – broken only by the cold snap of the slump (when, as Groucho said, the pigeons fed the people in Central Park) and the loss of his parents – until the war, Woollcott's death, his own heart attacks, retirement, more attacks, and the realisation that inactivity was worse for him than activity. In between, good stories neatly told, and a wealth of practical jokes, some much more felicitous than others.

No high jinks for Bud: race-going in style is paradise enow. Born in Spitalfields as Chaim Reeven Weintrop, Bud broke away into a tough and adventurous youth and later was a passionately temperamental taxi-driver, giving short shrift to supercilious toffs or people who urinated in his cab. The stage career is a smooth sequence of 'breaks' and anecdotes, and there is a bit too much of 'His Majesty was fairly roaring with laughter.'

For my third clown of the week I nominate Mr J. C. Trewin, whose 1960 selection of *Plays of the Year* includes not, curiously enough, *The Caretaker*, *A Man for All Seasons* or *Billy Liar*, but *A Shred of Evidence*, *This Year, Next Year* and *Watch It, Sailor*.

ROGER GELLERT

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EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The Sale of the Century turned out to be a somewhat disconcerting experience. Parke-Bernet's great blank building on Madison Avenue isn't really so very different in atmosphere from Sotheby's or Christie's in London. There are the same porters catfooting round, the same hard-eyed dealers gazing at the porcelain in its showcases and the casually grouped furniture. But it was a little odd to find the lobby being used as a polling station in New York's mayoral election. After showing my private-view card, I was duly ushered into a large room where the only sound was the shuffling of feet on carpet and the bright voice of a woman who thought that all the pictures were 'absolutely darling'. Mrs Erickson's great Rembrandt of *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* looked sombrely back at her. Later, on the public-view days, the line stretched out of the lobby into the avenue itself. The people standing in line had, often, a blank, rapt expression. They seemed awed by their nearness not to so much art – after all the Metropolitan Museum stands only a few streets away – but to so much money: money visible, money within touching distance, money hanging framed on the wall.

When the night came, the sale-room was full to bursting and icy cold as the air-conditioners worked overtime. The auctioneer mounted his rostrum. Mr Marion is a remarkable man. Not for him the gentlemanly languor of a London auctioneer, the quiet drawl of 'Will nobody offer me any more?' He wheedles, he persuades. Chiefly his technique is one of nanny-like reproach. When, at last, the big Rembrandt was lifted on to the spotlit stage, he confided that it was his life's ambition to say the words 'one million dollars' in the course of his duties. In fact, he intended to start the bidding at this sum. As he talked, the cameramen prowled ever closer. And then Mr Marion produced his little surprise. Twinkling and beaming, he told us that he already *had* a bid of a million dollars. We went on from there. The porters shouted the bids. The figures soared dizzily into the realms of fantasy. In four minutes it was all over. The picture was the property of the Metropolitan Museum, for the sum of $2,300,000. Money was transformed irrevocably into the dross of mere art.

'Well, I guess that puts old pictures on the map for good,' said one of the dealers wryly as we left. The publicity given to big art sales (and thefts) seems to be getting, if anything, denser and more manic. The recent spate of books, for example, about millionaires and their glamorous possessions, or big dealers and their wares, suggests that not only the Madison Avenue crowds but a large part of the human race simply regard pictures as so many framed bank-notes. This is a trifle ironic. After all, a work of art is worth only what someone at a given moment will pay for it. The art market, though experts may pretend to the contrary, is a world utterly without absolutes. It is this uncertainty, as much as anything, which fascinates Gerald Reitlinger, whose book* tries to tackle things on a scientific basis. He confines himself to the period for which reasonably detailed records are available – roughly 1760-1960 – and with the help of these records he tries to construct an apparatus by which movements in taste may be measured and picture prices linked to economic conditions.

The material is fascinating, but the whole thing turns out to be a good deal less scientific than Reitlinger seems to imagine. Partly this is his own fault. Though he has obviously researched painstakingly into prices, his facts are less reliable when it comes to the pictures themselves. For example he dismisses the Duke of Rutland's Poussins on the theme of the *Seven Sacraments* as 'possibly school pictures' though full information about them is easily available in the catalogue of the Poussin exhibition held last year in Paris. On top of this, he frequently allows himself to make judgments about individual painters which are so cavalier as to be ludicrous. He says blandly that 'Annibale Carracci appealed to eighteenth-century taste because he could paint in any style he pleased with equal vigour.' In any case, though he has the right to like or dislike what he pleases, in a book of this kind the author's opinions of the painters concerned are strictly speaking irrelevant. The fact that he is continually thrusting his views down our throats makes us suspect that he has some kind of propagandist intention. An author who is examining the operations of the *Zeitgeist* should be less of a prisoner of the *Zeitgeist* himself.

Another, perhaps even more serious, criticism is that where Reitlinger's system can be tested, it often breaks down. Many pages in *The Economics of Taste* are given up to lists of prices. By means of these, Reitlinger hopes to show how various reputations have fluctuated. One list is devoted to pictures sold under the designation 'Verrocchio'. The last item in this is a picture which I myself remember clearly – a Madonna which brought the substantial sum of £11,000 at Sotheby's in 1953. Yet the price seemed, at the time, to have little to do with the actual name the picture was sold under. The picture was then considered to be of very uncertain authorship. It was also disfigured by a new and brassy 19th-century gold background and it was impossible to tell how much of the old ground remained underneath. These two factors made it extremely speculative. The high price was a tribute to the picture's tremendous quality and attractiveness – nothing else. It is now the property of the Kress foundation and expert opinion gives it firmly to Ghirlandaio. Judging from photographs, the new gold background has been successfully removed to reveal the old one more or less intact. Had the picture been sold in its present condition, with the backing of expert opinion it has now received, it would certainly have made a great deal more money, even in 1953 – and it would, in any case, not be making an appearance in this particular list. All of this makes nonsense of an attempt to compare the 1953 price with other, earlier prices.

Maurice Rheims, though *Art on the Market*† is a much scrappier book, is more

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**The Economics of Taste. Barrie & Rockliff.* 42s.

†*Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36s.

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STUDIO

sophisticated about such matters. He makes the point, when talking of the strong fluctuations in the prices given for certain painters in the 18th century, that these were due as much to poor communications and a lack of expert knowledge, as to economic factors or changes of taste. Buyers had no idea of what they *ought* to pay, or of what the last similar example fetched.

Neither Rheims nor Reitlinger see much prospect of a break in the upward trend of prices. Both give the same reason – that more and more is being absorbed by museums, and acute shortage helps to keep everything in fashion. The handsome volume put out by Sotheby's‡ to celebrate the highly successful auction season of 1960-61 certainly breathes an air of confidence that the good times will go on forever. What is sobering about the book, however, is the wild variety of things which seem to be worth big money – everything from Impressionists to Baccarat paperweights, from the supreme good taste of Greek vases to the supreme vulgarity of Fabergé. Here is proof, if proof is needed, that the connection between price and aesthetic merit is still purely coincidental.

Breeding Grounds

CLANCY SIGAL

A little of Dr Ralph Miliband's caustic scepticism in his brouhaha with Dick Taverne on the ordinarily stuffy and psephology-ridden *Gallery* would have gone a long way on ITV's 'The Public School'. This was a brochure, not an inquiry. The 'three divergent' views in the live studio were a joker out of the usual stacked deck, with Anthony Crosland, Sir Miles Thomas and Dr Birley of Eton hastening to agree that the public school was 'nationally worthwhile'. Crosland torpedoed his ostensibly critical position with a bland argument for freer entry. Nobody seemed to want to know if the public school (not the boarding school, with which everyone succeeded in confusing the issue) was a decent way to raise *any* boy, rich or poor. Wives and girlfriends of public school men say it ruins their mates. Why weren't any of them brought in? The most disheartening thing was a newsreel shot of a Labour Party spokeswoman declaring that we have to convert public schools from breeding grounds for plutocrats to breeding grounds for democrats. At this rate, the Labour Party will wind up with nothing except the commanding heights of Eton.

Full marks to the BBC for their Friday night Eisenstein films. The political double-entendres and dark, jutting images of Part II of *Ivan the Terrible*, which we have heard was the director's laboriously shifty Aesopian metaphor for the later years of Stalin's rule, came across with a neurotic, operatic stench that was almost overpowering. Ivan, gazing with apparent contrition at the bodies of the boyar family he has ordered executed, suddenly lunges forward and barks, 'That's not enough!' Part II was not released from the USSR until 1958.

BBC's afternoon *Perspective* sounded unpromising. Subject: divorce, ready-made for obscurantism. Surprisingly, very little of it. The format – six divorced people on a three-cornered couch, followed by 'expert' opinions – was off-putting, but the programme emerged as a clear call for reform of the divorce law. Elaine Grand played devil's advocate ('*why* couldn't you stay together?'), which infuriated, until you saw what she was up to. All six agreed they were much better off for divorcing, said marriage should be made harder and divorce easier, and disagreed only on whether children should see both parents during the crisis. O. R. Macgregor, the social historian, was adamant the law had to be 'altered, not improved', with divorce by consent for childless couples and the present High Court system ('perjury and squalor') replaced by a Court of Domestic Relations. This being television, the compere must pour cream at the fade-out. 'Most people,' he cheerily assured us, 'are happily married.' Oh? Are they?

Amusette

JOHN COLEMAN

James assessed his famous ghost story, *The Turn of the Screw*, as a 'piece . . . of cold artistic calculation, an *amusette*' and I must say that has always seemed to me about right. It artfully tickles the fancy but leaves the emotions untouched, this tale of little Miles and Flora invaded by the dead, baleful presences of two corrupt servants and of how their new governess sets out to redeem them. Jack Clayton's *The Innocents* (Carlton), based on William Archibald's stage version of the story with additional scripting by John Mortimer and Truman Capote, gives the screw some further, Freudian turns, though hardly in the cause of greater explicitness. Miss Giddens (Deborah Kerr) receives a kiss from cherubic little Miles, her lips in close-up writhing away from the prolonged contact of his, that probably earned the film its 'X'; and, at the end, she passionately busses his cold mouth. All this seems to indicate that she has fallen for the evil, womanising Peter Quint, whose ghost works on *through* the boy; there have been hints, anyway, in her first encounter with the children's guardian (Michael Redgrave) that her spinsterish heart is ripe for the picking. None of this comes from James, who saw his governess as 'impersonal save for the most obvious and indispensable little note of neatness, firmness and courage', but Miss Kerr's quite ravishing face and the rather monotonous performance she gives unite to detract from any conception of her as a centre of observant sanity. One would say, then, that she was projecting wishful fantasies if it weren't for one maddening interpolation: a tear-drop glistening on a desk in the schoolroom, left by the sobbing ghost of her precursor, Miss Jessel. This tear summons Quint and Jessel (always seen mistily or at a distance) into tiresome half-life. Perhaps the children *do* see them, too, *are* possessed; and, on these perhapses, intelligent interest dissipates.

But as a spooky piece of visual guile, as a chain of elegant contrivances, *The Innocents* is unusually subtle. Petals shiver down from the freshly-cut roses, an insect blooms like a stain of blood in a statue's mouth, wasps buzz unnervingly in the tower, a spider eats a butterfly, Miles's hand flips jeeringly over the tea-table at a jelly moulded into the form of a crouched rabbit. 'Rooms,' says the old housekeeper, stolidly done by Megs Jenkins, 'used by daylight as though they were dark woods': and this elliptical reference to the infamous love of Quint and Miss Jessel is picked up again and again, in image and sound. The grounds, the lake, the summer-house where Flora waltzes alone, the humming, statued garden at night: these are finely, spectrally caught. The horror is heavy and self-conscious in places, as when the governess is suddenly seen from above, whirling and whirling with a lighted candle in her hand, after a nocturnal promenade through corridors banging with laughter. But Georges Auric's score, nicely alternated with animal noises and silence, and the brilliant photography of Freddie Francis, sharp and hazy by turns, make this an exhilarating piece of high-class hokum. The children (Martin Stephens and Pamela Franklin) are diabolically good.

Val Guest's *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* (Odeon, Marble Arch) has a rich and plausible Science Fiction idea and douses it in a bucketful of Fleet Street ethics. Wolf Mankowitz scripted it together with Mr Guest and it carries his characteristic flavour of schmaltz-and-bitters. Simultaneous detonations of A-bombs by East and West at the North and South Poles have tilted the earth; London moves into new weather, tropical heat, hurricanes, monsoons; Edward Judd, as a ruffianly, hard-drinking *Daily Express* reporter on the skids, moves into an affair with a pert telephonist at the Met. Office (Janet Munro). She spills the truth, as white heat turns to yellow glare and the population queues for public baths in parks: we are hurtling towards the sun. Arthur Christiansen moves back into his old desk at the *Express* to give virtue to all this, which is in fact very well conceived at the technical level: calling the Beaver at Cherkley, counselling optimism, underplaying the wisecracking actor-reporters ('with all these floods, what about a *Daily Express* ark?') to a standstill.

Town Without Pity (Leicester Square) puts the rape of a small-town German girl by four GI's under scrutiny, as well as their trial at which the defence is conducted by a clipped, impassioned Kirk Douglas. The moral gestures of this craftily made teaser wamble as whole-heartedly as you might expect: it had to please both its American and German makers.

Ice Show

DAVID SYLVESTER

The international exhibition of modern jewellery, 1890-1961, at Goldsmith's Hall would be worth going miles to see merely for the sake of its specimens of Art Nouveau by Lalique and Wolfers. Or again, merely for the clarity with which it registers trends in high fashion: it would be difficult to think of an object of any kind which sums up the Twenties more deliciously than the cigarette case designed by Meyer for Messrs Lacloche, with its so straight lines, its neat rectilinear diamond motif and its scarlet lacquer.

But there's still more to this exhibition. The main point of it is that it provides an unprecedented opportunity to see jewellery by the leading commercial designers alongside jewellery designed – for love or money – by leading painters and sculptors. Of the latter the finest designers turn out, in my view, to be Sir Alfred Gilbert and Julio Gonzalez, sculptors who were not occasional jewellers but professionals in the field. Both were close to Art Nouveau, incidentally: Gonzalez worked for years in the style before Cubism influenced him; Gilbert anticipated the style in the fantastic mayoral chain, designed in 1888, which might be taken for a badge of office not in Preston but on Cythera. Others I would single out are Emil Nolde and Manolo, and then Ernst, Calder, Giacometti, Fontana

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‡*Sotheby's 217th Season. Sotheby & Co. 35s.*

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THE ABDICATION–AND THE THRONE TODAY

Twenty-five years ago the world watched in awe and wonder as a King of England abandoned his throne to marry the woman of his choice. Edward the Eighth was a popular king—"Teddy" to millions of his subjects—and his abdication and events leading to it split Britain and Empire into those "for" and "against". But supposing a similar royal crisis occurred *today*.... How would Britain react? Would political platform, Press and pulpit fight the same bitter battle on behalf of "Old Guard" and "New Guard"? And where would our modern social and political phenomena—the Aldermaston marchers, TV idols (real-life and fictional), Left-wing clerics, neo-Victorian monarchists and blue-blood abolitionists—fit into such a battle? This fascinating speculation is the basis of an article which will appear in THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday. Written by JOHN RAYMOND (who has made a special study of the Abdication), it is a brilliant re-assessment—after a quarter of a century of social revolution—of those critical weeks that shook Britain and the world.

Is There Life on Other Planets?—*Sir Bernard Lovell*

Is there life on other planets? If so, is it an advanced civilisation compared with which our own civilisation is stone-age stuff? And have these advanced beings long since passed the critical stage which mankind now has reached—with the power of self-annihilation—and either succumbed or survived? What irreparable harm might earth space-rockets do to other evolving forms of life in the cosmos? In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday SIR BERNARD LOVELL—Britain's top astronomer-scientist—poses these and other vital questions and traces the various paths open to man in his quest for the truth about outer space.

Eton's Head Master on

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' DILEMMA

If Britain's public schools are to throw open their doors to many more bright children of poorer parents, who should pay their fees? The rate-payer through his local authority? Or the tax-payer through the Treasury? Should such free places be awarded solely on scholastic ability? And what harm might such skimming of the scholastic cream do to the country's *grammar schools?* This Sunday in THE SUNDAY TIMES the Head Master of Eton, DR. ROBERT BIRLEY, makes an expert evaluation of the public school system and the arguments for its retention or abolition.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

and Frost. The Art Noveau period is certainly dominant, but so it is in the work of the professionals as well, though there are imaginative and delightful pieces by such present-day designers as Hugo, Albert, Verdura, Schlumberger and Gillian Packard.

Unhappily, the exhibition excludes, on snobbish grounds, the kind of commercial jewellery which is most relevant to that of the artists – i.e. 'costume' (or mass-produced) jewellery. It is relevant because it depends on quality of design rather than of materials: indeed, much of the artists' jewellery could be mass-produced and some, such as Manolo's, was meant to be. And it is relevant in that it's more daring in design than precious jewellery – it can afford to be – and more likely to reflect the influence of contemporary painters and sculptors (that of their work in their normal media, however, rather than of their excursions into jewellery itself). The other day I saw a Woolworth's pendant, a gilt medallion in high relief, which was a straight crib of a Picasso double head, only adapted into a romantic pair of heads, with the boy's profile superimposed on half the girl's full-face. An exhibition of modern jewellery that leaves out this sort of thing is like an exhibition of automobile design consisting only of custom-built luxury models and racing specials.

Actually there are a few pieces of the 1930s by anonymous designers which are typical of the period's costume jewellery. One such bracelet, very original and lively in design, a sort of free mosaic of irregular stones, presumably semi-precious, turned out on inquiry to be made up of emeralds, rubies, sapphires and the like. Here was a sort of *chic* improbable in the 1890-1914 period, when wealth hadn't throwaway gestures. As to this period, one is inclined to wonder whether the pleasure it took in conspicuous waste, besides encouraging the sort of jewellery in which the size of the diamonds is all, didn't also provide a conviction which nourished the Laliques and Wolferses, till one remembers that it was also a good period for artists' jewellery, which made a point of unpretentious materials. The fact is, Art Nouveau just was a wonderful style in which to make jewellery.

Eugenides

ROGER GELLERT

The Old Vic has now completed its highly instructive double of trilogies: the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus is followed by Eugene O'Neill's post-Appomattox version, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, and one bitterly regrets that these two monumental undertakings are on show so briefly, to be swept into oblivion in favour of such lathered old warhorses as *Twelfth Night* and *Macbeth*, for which, to say the least, we could have waited. All that Aeschylus omitted to do, O'Neill has done, and overdone. Motivation bursts from every seam. For tidy-minded moderns, it is helpful to have Electra in from the start, interesting to note that she too yearns for Aegisthos, that Aegisthos is Agamemnon's bastard nephew with a score to settle, that Orestes shoots him more from jealousy than honour, then, when his sister blooms into a sensuous replica of Clytemnestra, itches for her too, and finally, consumed with neuroses, has to follow his mother into suicide. Interesting, but excessive; and after the long slog through the doom-laden, fishy twilight of Leslie Hurry's sets and Val May's production we may well feel that we have been on the receiving end of a marathon melodrama rather than a great modern tragedy.

I think too much stress has been put on the poverty of O'Neill's writing. Though it lacks poetry and overtones, it is generally firm and incisive; a little lacking in character, like a translated text, but seldom downright inadequate, which is remarkable considering the strains he puts on it. What troubles me more is the humourlessness that goes with his mammoth structures. One hardly demands humour of Aeschylus; but O'Neill offers, instead of ritual, a theatrically mysterious murk in front of which a Freudian skein is untangled with teutonic thoroughness – one false move, and it will slither into Grand Guignol, inviting shudders and giggles rather than tragic awe. Casting, then, is of the essence, casting that ensures power and dignity without ham.

In the Electra part (Vinnie), Barbara Jefford, a tense young battleship in her Hamletesque black and white, is altogether admirable; handsome and well muscled, yet tremulous, she moves heroically from round to round of this heavyweight drama, fighting all the way. Her struggle to convince her brother Orin that she is not, as her mother has already persuaded him, mad in her accusations of uxoricide, is desperate and fascinating. Stephen Moore, a shambling youth with the face of a tormented rabbit, gives a riveting display of neurosis as the mother-fixated Orin, and when he is on the stage, with his odd, nasal, upward-inflected delivery often recalling the young Scofield, there is enough nervous tension to keep the play in trim. It is not entirely his fault that in the third part, with his own mental Furies hounding him to death, the moans tend to monotony. But as Catherine Lacey's Clytemnestra left a booming hollowness at the centre of the *Oresteia*, who can have thought that Sonia Dresdel, doing her all too predictable nut as the baleful, snickering harridan of a hundred gaslit melodramas, was a wise choice for O'Neill's Christine Mannon? Miss Dresdel underlines precisely the ham elements that make this work precarious, and though she rasps and hisses expertly, her performance constantly diminishes the two best parts of the trilogy.

Hard to credit that Ray Rigby's *The Cupboard* (Arts) is in fact a modern play: with its seedy little blackmailer-cuckold papering over cupboards and cackling among the aspidistras, one would have thought it a late-Victorian folly ripe for revival at the Players' Theatre. Still, the gnat-like Cyril Shaps plays with nice mad intensity, and gets strong support from such distinguished troupers as Joyce Carey, William Hartnell and Richard Goolden – Mr Goolden in particular being startlingly good as a boozy old sweat, in quite a different league from his usual persona of quaint timidity.

Even more extraordinary that Gwyn Thomas's *The Keep* should have found favour at the Royal Court, of all places. Dramatically archaic, creakingly contrived, this comedy of four grown men and a woman escaping from the doll's house of a sainted mother and an ambitious brother is Welsh wit at its smug and pontifical worst, a facetious headmaster's speechday version of Dylan Thomas rhetoric. One cringes before the mechanical stream of verbose, picturesque epigrams; I now know exactly what it feels like to be shot to death with pearls. Ken Calder's irrelevantly aery set is a dishonest but very welcome attempt to relieve the fustiness.

At the Unity, *And Him Stretched* is the first play of the Irish poet Patrick Galvin, a man of no mean fire-power from whom I was hoping much. Alas, he lurches straight into the dreary old routine of whisky, church and Republic, farce and self-pity.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,658 **Set by D.A.B.**

A reader has received the following communication from a young woman of his acquaintance:

> I would like to make it clear that I have no wish to establish any social relationship under any conditions and shall regard future attempts to contact me, for other than unavoidable professional reasons, as deliberate molestation. In such circumstances I shall have no hesitation in informing the police.

He wishes competitors to offer suitable replies. Limit 150 words. Entries by 12 December.

Result of No. 1,655 **Set by Haddock**

In *Take a Girl Like You* Kingsley Amis makes considerable play with the idea of a 'stooge'. For example, a stooge will walk with forefinger crooked over the lid of his suitcase or march along staring in front of him with hands closed and thumbs pointing forward, will repair a cigarette with stamp-paper, keep his change in a purse, fill in the Personal Memoranda page of his diary, or repeat insults he has received under the impression that they were jokes. Competitors are invited to sketch a stooge actor, decent Englishman, doctor, poet, Prime Minister, schoolmaster, teenager or American.

Report

As quite often, there was much more bile than bite: the malice was terribly conventional. Jelly Williams's stooge actor opened promisingly ('black hair, elegantly streaked with grey, smooth face, sensuous mouth') but became too much of a stock figure of derision, a wax doll stuck with huge pins. The essential stooge seemed to be right-wing (though sometimes basely neutral), a gentle jingo lamely waving his Union Jack, someone likely to sport terylene bags and a breastful of ball-point pens. Dorothy Brown's Englishman, whose 'favourite author is Ian Fleming' though 'he thinks James Bond a bit of a cad', who 'dances badly and is not ashamed of it,' turned out disarmingly in the end to be 'really rather nice'. Two guineas each to the entries printed.

AMERICAN

Mr Dodd spent most of his time on the flight from Boston to London clutching his American passport. He used a collapsible set of wheels to handle his own luggage at the airport. He was delighted that no one at the Dorchester took him for an American: 'You're German, aren't you, Sir?' He did his morning exercises with a pair of hot-water bottles that he carried in his luggage and used, when filled, as weights. He took pictures in Whitehall, but took care not to stare at some guards on horses in order not to offend them. At the theatre, he shouted out 'God Save the Queen' while holding his hand over his breast. He was disappointed that a theatre attendant could not tell him in what reign the building had been built, and wrote a note to *The Times* about this. Walking back to the hotel, he stopped at a place advertising French lessons 24 hours a day and inquired the rates, which he politely told the young woman were too high for something you could learn from records. He used his currency-converter when paying for his dinner and was so pleased when the waiter asked if he would like a copy of the

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bill to take home for further study that he made special mention of the restaurant on the tapes he recorded and mailed to the folks in the States. Before going to bed he lubricated the hinges on his suitcase and cut out of the *Evening Standard* an article about Mrs Kennedy, for his scrapbook of travel materials.

PAUL BRESLOW

TEENAGER

– wears a black blazer with patch pockets and silver buttons, lovat green trousers with 20-inch bottoms, and black Oxford brogues: a tie in a Windsor knot with stripes, simulating that of a regiment or club, or a cravat tucked into an open white shirt with the collar turned up at the back.

– belongs to the Young Conservatives.

– calls everyone over 30 'sir'.

– talks endlessly about beer, which he drinks in half-pints, and regards his ability to do this as irrefutable evidence of virility.

– talks endlessly about girls, nourishing hopeless, chaste passions for those socially out of his reach, and buying girlie magazines as consolation.

– talks endlessly about cars, and owns a 1953 Ford Popular; he constantly claims to have outwitted the police in matters of speeding, parking etc.

– can hardly wait to be 20.

IAN SAINSBURY

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Often when I am in a library looking through the specialist science journals, an oppressive weariness comes over me. Out of a hundred papers, reports, abstracts and letters to the academic editors, only a handful strike any spark in me; and not, I believe, simply because of ignorance on my part about the significance of the remainder. Indeed I suspect that if half of them were never published the loss to science would be imperceptible. It is a matter of some importance, because already well over 2 million research papers are published every year and the number is increasing rapidly. There has been a lot of talk among scientists about how to organise the handling and dissemination of such Himalayas of paper-work, and the whole business may be reformed within a few years. But what concerns me more is the waste of effort in research of which the boring report is only the symptom.

Many people are amazed by the present rate of scientific advance. I am thinking (though it does not amaze me) that, with 2 million papers a year, the rate of advance is pitifully slow. With so much scientific research going on, why are major developments significantly enlarging man's knowledge and capabilities to be counted in tens and hundreds, rather than thousands? What are all these chaps doing, in universities, government establishments and industrial laboratories, that their reports are uninteresting – not merely in presentation but in subject matter? Do they not have all manner of facilities, such as automatic instruments and electronic computers, undreamed of even 25 years ago?

The explanation is easy if you accept that only an elite of scientists matters, for the purposes of original discovery and invention; and that is a view which often appears to be uncomfortably near the truth. However, the contribution of the non-elite is indispensable, and I am sure it could be very much greater.

Occam had a Razor – and very important it has been, too, for the development of modern science. William of Ockham (in Surrey) lived three centuries before Newton, but his dictum was remembered. 'It is vain to do with more what can be done with less.' It was taken up by the early modern scientists in the paraphrased form, 'Entities (or hypotheses) should not be multiplied unnecessarily.' Occam's Razor has cut many a swathe through the undergrowth of intellectual extravagance; the complex theory must make way for the simple.

I should like to paraphrase the dictum again: 'Data (or paper) should not be multiplied unnecessarily.' You might call it Occam's Dustbin. Whereas the Razor is for the subtle surgery of ideas, the Dustbin is for dumping superfluous or unimportant experiments, actual or potential; and, in the alternative form, for purging from scientific literature the papers which should never have been written.

The sort of thing I have in mind? In the case of data, the practice which discerning scientists call 'stamp-collecting': you have a technique, or nowadays an expensive machine, and you just go on collecting information because it is there. You become more concerned with the mechanics of science than with its meaning. You may be an anthropologist studying the significance of ornaments in a tribe and have nothing to say about why the tribe is politically rebellious or why it refuses modern medicine. You may be measuring the scattering of a beam of atomic particles by a nucleus, making measurements which have never been made before but which are of precisely the same kind as thousands of other such measurements; and because you are simply justifying money spent on a machine which is now out of date you may be indifferent to the practical or theoretical importance of the measurements. Or you may, in the recent great enterprise of the International Geophysical Year, have amassed libraries of microfilm at the World Data Centres which is going to waste because too few people are bothering to make use of it.

In writing and publishing papers, you may be simply trying to increase your score. (A disturbing practice has grown up among the sociologists of science, of assessing a scientist's productivity by the number of papers which he turns out.) You may be trying to justify some research grant. Or you may be on to a promising idea, and you rush into print before your work is complete because you are afraid that somebody else may beat you too it. This, as Professor Merton of Columbia has pointed out, shows that scientists accept the idea that discoveries are likely to be made independently by more than one research worker at roughly the same time. A consequence is that scientific literature contains many half-baked ideas – and corrections to previous papers.

It might seem that all this is an internal affair of science, of no importance to the outsider. Why should it matter to us if many research workers are forgetting the teaching which tells them that the high road to knowledge is by way of the shrewd question and the simplest experiment needed to answer it? A lesser reason is that the public is usually paying for the reasearch these days. More important is that Britain and the whole world are in urgent need of efficiently done science to help solve our economic problems. The slovenly thinking and misdirected effort which so much of the literature represents is corrupting science and by its volume is choking its lines of communication. Bring out the dustbins!

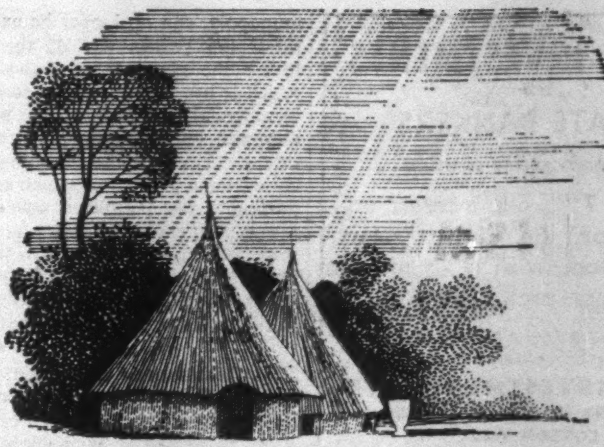
City Lights

TAURUS

Eighteen months ago, with another blank cheque from the voters warming its pocket, the government still seemed eager to subsidise private enterprise out of the Exchequer and to hand the profitable bits of state industry over to its business supporters. It may have been reasonable at that time to assume that the new Civil Aviation Act was designed to transfer the juicier business of BOAC and BEA to the private airlines controlled by shipping companies. But last week, to the disgust of the private operators and the *Economist,* Mr Thorneycroft upheld BOAC's successful appeal against the Air Transport Licensing Board's decision to allow Cunard Eagle to run services across the North Atlantic – the first case of importance to come up before it. There is a massive surplus of carrying capacity on the North Atlantic run at the moment and everyone is losing money; competition from Cunard would not only have added to BOAC's loss at a time when the government is anxious to make the nationalised industries pay their way, but would have put pressure on the US Administration to tighten its present requirements; rescued at the last moment, moreover, from one Cunard venture which bid fair to involve the taxpayer as well as its own shareholders in an unprofitable project, the government was determined not to be involved in another.

This week the Licensing Board has licensed the two main private operators, British United Airways and Cunard Eagle, to run services in competition with BEA on 21 European and internal routes; and Mr Thorneycroft will find it difficult, even if BEA appeals successfully, to reject its recommendations a second time. But the independents have little cause yet for rejoicing. The Board, like Mr Thorneycroft himself, does not believe that last year's Act was designed to encourage competition for its own sake or that competition as such is necessarily in the consumer's interest – it plainly thinks very little of the independents' great argument that private competition will produce lower fares. It has given them permission to operate on only half the routes they asked for, to begin only in 1963 and for only seven years, at points and on terms which will mean the minimum loss of revenue to BEA; it expects them to be operating at a loss to begin with, and it assumes that they will be deploying then on their total operation only the minimum number of modern aircraft needed to work economically. The Board, in fact, has been so reasonable that even Mr Thorneycroft has no reason to suppose that it is biassed in favour of private enterprise. But European airlines are state-owned and European air operations are the result of horse-trading between governments; none of them will welcome the irruption of British independents; BEA will certainly lose in the renegotiation of existing arrangements, and in some cases the prospective loss may be too great for the government to stomach; so BUA and Cunard cannot yet safely count on even the little the Board has offered them. The shipowners' attempt at diversification will no doubt pay off eventually, but there is to be no quick jam.

The government, however, has landed itself with another problem. Not only will air competition with British Railways now become fiercer, but BEA, deprived of its internal



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monopoly, can no longer be expected to subsidise the swings out of the roundabouts. Either the government draws a distinction, which it has so far refused to draw, between commercial transport services which pay their way and public services which deserve subsidy, or it adopts the Beeching principle and closes down everything which cannot be made profitable. Mr Marples is now conducting the review into transport policy as a whole which somebody forgot to make years ago, but unless he is given power to impose order when he has discovered what is needed, it will be as sterile as Selwyn's flirtation with planning.

* * *

Mr Thomson is at it again. Deprived of a national daily, running into expensive difficulties over the *Sunday Times* coloured supplement, frustrated by Mr King in his attempt on Odhams, he is still determined to expand. The price he is paying the Ellerman shipping family for control of Illustrated Newspapers is so little more than Jocelyn Stevens of the *Queen* has long been ready to pay that one is forced to suspect the Ellermans of non-economic feelings. Illustrated Newspapers itself is a rag-bag – the *Illustrated London News, Tatler, Sphere* and *Sketch* ; a couple of trade papers ; Michael Joseph the publishers ; and a colour-printing firm which will be a useful basis for Mr Thomson's attempt to build up a magazine empire. Mass-produced woman's pulp, no doubt, he will leave to Mr King ; but there are still opportunities for big profit in quality trade magazines. It would not be surprising, in particular, if Mr Thomson were now to break into a field which nobody else has yet had the sense or the resources to exploit – the glossy, advertisement-crammed *US News and World Report, Business Week* and *Fortune* type of magazine. The *Economist* and the *Statist* could then be left to fight out their stodgy battle quietly in a corner.

* * *

Last week the US gold reserve fell by $300m, the largest fall ever in a single week, enough to bring it below the magic figure of $17,000m to the lowest level since 1939: and most of this drop, it was announced, was the result of the UK turning dollars into gold. This could, of course, be no more than one weak reed deciding to lean publicly on another – Grandma accumulating dollars well in excess of the amount needed for the loan repayment due in a couple of weeks' time and persuading herself that sterling is too important to be backed by anything less reliable than gold. But even Grandma is too jittery nowadays for this sort of confident gamble. The operation is more probably an acknowledgment of the fact that she is now rigging the London bullion market on behalf of the US Treasury and that the price of gold, though almost all currencies are now out of speculative favour, has been pushed lower than it has been for over two years.

Company News

Metal Box has produced good half-year results – sales slightly up, profits only slightly down, with home business better and overseas business worse than expected.

Following *Hawker Siddeley's* arrangement to collaborate with US and European aircraft firms in developing a VTO fighter for NATO, the *British Aircraft Corporation* (Vickers, English Electric, Bristol, Hunting) has concluded a series of agreements with European firms covering various NATO projects and a supersonic airliner.

The affairs of the *Jasper* group are still in the melting-pot:, the present directors, appointed by two banks involved, are threatening to hand the whole business over to the slow, expensive majesty of the law unless the authors of a 'scheme' (which the two banks support, and with which Mr Wolfson's name is again involved) finally get down to brass tacks.

The Chess Board

No. 629. Attaboy!

I used this headline many years ago on a pleasant occasion of saluting some very young contributor's remarkable prowess at the game. Now here comes a study-composer equally worthy of encouragement. David Shire, 13, sent me two entries for our International Study Competition. Moreover, he proved to have sense no less than a knack for composition: he readily agreed with my suggestion that, while standing a poor chance in competition with world-famous composers, his entries might provide a useful contribution in a 'Readers' Own' week. He also informed me proudly that he has been selected to play top-board for Bristol Grammar School. Good luck to his team! Now here's David's first entry. /k7/Pp6/1P6/1KP5/4B2r/5P2/P2BP2p/8/. What with 1) f4? leading to stalemate, the winning line is 1) Bb7:†, Kb7:; 2) c6†, Ka8; 3) Ka6, Ra4†; 4) Ba5, Ra5:†; 5) Ka5:, h1(Q); 6) Ka6 etc. Somewhat more subtle is the boy's 2nd entry. /8/1p6/kp1B4/8/P7/3K4/P7/8/. The key is 1) Kc4 and since . . . Ka5 would be refuted by 2) a3, Ka4:; 3) Bb4, b5†; 4) Kc5 etc the best line is . . . Ka7; 2) Kb5. Ka8; 3) Be5, Ka7; 4) Bd4, Kb8; 5) Kc4, Kc7; 6) Kd5, Kd7; 7) Be5, Kc8; 8) Ke6, Kd8; 9) Kd6, Kc8; 10) Ke7 etc.

This will provide two chessbook vouchers, just in time for the boy's 14th birthday. An equally well deserved prize will go to M. P. Furmston for this pretty little correspondence game.

1) e4,Ktf6; 2) e5,Ktd5; 3) d4,d6; 4) Bc4,Ktb6; 5) Bb3,de:; 6) Qh5,e6; 7) de:,Ktc6; 8) Kte2,Ktd4; 9) Bg5,Qd7; 10) Ktbc3,Bb4; 11) O-O-O,Ktb3:†; 12) ab:,Ktd5; 13) Ktd5:,ed:; 14) e6!,Qe6:; 15) Ktf4,Qg4; 16) Ktd5:!,Bd6; 17) Rhe1†,Kf8;

How and why Furmston could now force immediate resignation by one fell blow might well serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

Yet another chessbook voucher will go to E. Allan, one of our Edinburgh stalwarts who sent me an interesting game from this year's Scottish Championship. Black against Aitken (the champion) Allan scored this creditable draw.

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,e6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Ktd4:,a6; 5) Bd3,Ktc6; 6) Ktc6:,dc:; 7) O-O [e5. alas, being thwarted by the Q-check], e5; 8) Kh1, Ktf6; 9) f4,Bd6; 10) f5,Qc7; 11) Ktd2,b5; 12) a4,Bb7; 13) Qf3,O-O-O; 14) Qg3,h5; 15) Be2 [Of course, a grab of the g-pawn would have been punished by . . . Ktg4 trapping the Queen], Qe7; 16) Bf3,h4 [The idea, obviously being . . . Kh4-g3, but Allan thinks it would have been stronger first to get the QR on to the g-file]; 17) Qe1,c5; 18) ab:,ab:; 19) Ktb3 [Threatening a dangerous penetration which Black manages to prevent by his next two moves], c4; 20) Kta5,Bb4; 21) c3,Bc5; 22) Be3,Rd3; 23) Bc5:,Qc5:; 24) Ktb7:,Kb7:;

Here Aitken offered a draw which Allan accepted after a move or two. If he hadn't been dangerously short of time he would have stood a good chance of playing for a win.

Rather too easy for 6 ladder-points is **B**, a game position achieved by D. H. R. Stallybrass, one of our most consistently successful ladder-climbers. How then did White force the win? This 'Readers' Own' piece being entirely home-made, **C**, a draw, comes from H. Rombach, one of our Canadian contributors. It rates the usual 7 points.

B: D. H. R. Stallybrass, 1961: /8/1R1ktkp2/p6Q/2r5/6PP/q2B4/8/7K/.

C: H. Rombach, 1961: /8/r3R3/24/7p/1k1BK1p1/5Rb1/.

REPORT No. 626. Set 10 November

A: 2) . ef:!; 3) Re8†,Kh7!!; etc.

B: 1) Rh4!!,Qh4: (best); 2) d7!,Qe7; 3) d8(Kt)†,Kd6; 4) Bh2†,e5; 5) Be5:†!,Kc5; 6) Bd4†. Or 2) . . . Qb4; 3) d8(Kt)†, Kd6; 4) Bh2†,e5; 5) Be5:†,Kc5; 6) Bd4†!,Kd6(best); Or 2) . . . Qf4; 3) d8(Kt)† (d8 = Q??),Kd6; 4) Bc5†,Ke5; 5) Bd4† etc.

C: 1) Be8!,Qa8 (best); 2) Ktf5†,Ke5!; 3) Bf7†, Ke4; 4) Ktd6†,Kd4; 5) Ktb5†,Ke4; 6) Bd5†!!, etc. If 1) . . . Qe8; 2) Ktf5†,Kd5; 3) e4† etc.

Not so easy, but a good many flawless entries; prizes: E. Allan, J. Ansell, J. W. Atkinson, M. P. Furmston, G. W. Richardson, C. Sandberg.

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Applications to the County Welfare Officer, 15 Sidwell Street, Exeter, with full details of experience, qualifications etc. and the names of two referees by 11 December 1961.

SOUTHAMPTON
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Resignation because of marriage has created a vacancy in this department for a Child Care Officer. Applications are invited for this, and forms for the purpose are obtainable from the Children's Officer, 316 Winchester Road, Southampton.

It will be desirable for the successful candidate to possess a car, for which mileage allowance is payable. Salary within the appropriate scale (£665-£975), according to training and experience Social science award and/or certificate in child care are indispensable qualifications. Closing date 15 Dec. 1961.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
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Further particulars and application forms from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford. Closing date 18 Dec.

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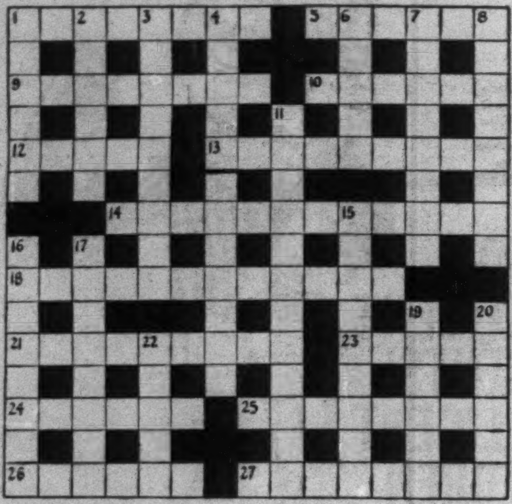
Week-end Crossword 486

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 486, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 12 December.



ACROSS

1. Work for River Test? (8).
5. Garment made of horn and stuck (6).
9. Arras was before him when he died (8).
10. Blow or caress (6).
12. Queen's place for a female graduate (5).
13. Mad pilots transformed into tactful people (9).
14. Kind of house built when the tide came swirling into the hut (12).
18. City ploughmen? (12).
21. Woman who makes a don dream wildly (9).
23. Be more than ninety in the opposite of the shade (5).
24. Servant with the means of entry after a shortened return visit (6).
25. If going back live in a comfortable place (8).
26. Stick something sharp in an animal for putting him to sleep (6).
27. Causes a disturbance thanks to a set-back with a soldier (8).

DOWN

1. Tax an MP is to reform (6).
2. American who wants two pounds in fees (6).
3. Oriental who begins by making wickedness healthy (9)
4. Inaccurate method of giving golf score? (5, 7).
6. Excel, though dismissed on occasion (5).
7. Puts up with marksmen coming up and surrounding a Scot (8).
8. The river area sees changes in the flow (8).
11. Oratory is oratory even without brief chemical changes (12).
15. Welcome holding people under a treaty (9).
16. Ideals as destroyed when attacked (8).
17. The sailor I pick for the team is not an asset (8).
19. Piece of writing a little too big for the satchel (6).
20. Bob strips when rising but does not wake up (6).
22. 'And the round — and the living air' (Wordsworth) (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 484

P	L	U	S	F	O	U	R	S	■	S	E	T	U	P
L	■	N	■	O	■	P	■	E	■	I	■	O	■	A
A	D	D	E	R	■	A	R	R	O	G	A	T	E	S
Y	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	P	■	N	■	A	■	T
S	T	R	U	M	S	■	S	E	R	A	G	L	I	O
■	■	H	■	O	■	L	■	N	■	L	■	■	■	R
C	H	A	T	S	W	O	R	T	H	■	S	T	O	A
A	■	N	■	T	■	C	■	I	■	C	■	R	■	L
B	E	D	E	■	M	O	U	N	T	O	L	I	V	E
R	■	■	■	A	■	M	■	E	■	V	■	P	■	■
I	N	F	E	R	I	O	R	■	S	E	N	I	O	R
O	■	A	■	A	■	T	■	B	■	R	■	T	■	A
L	I	B	E	R	T	I	N	E	■	A	M	A	S	S
E	■	L	■	A	■	O	■	E	■	G	■	K	■	E
T	R	E	N	T	■	N	U	R	S	E	M	A	I	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 484

J. A. S. Carter (Leyburn)
Mrs C. LeFeaux (London)
D. M. Dakin (Hornchurch)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Federation of University Women, Headquarters Office, Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, SW3, reqs Assistant Secretary. Good education and secretarial skills. Would welcome applics from graduates with exp., avail. part-time. Sal. accdg to quals. Written applics to Secy.

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APPOINTMENT WANTED

YNG grad. Economics, History Hons, seeks post. Newspaper exp. Box 7293.

SCHOLARSHIPS

COMMONWEALTH Scholarship and Fellowship Plan. Australian Awards 1963. Applications are invited for Commonwealth Scholarships tenable normally from March 1963 at universities and institutions of higher learning in Australia. Scholarships will in general be awarded for postgraduate study or research for a period of two academic years. Although Australian awards are normally tenable from March 1963 it may be possible in some cases to arrange for scholars to take up their awards during the latter half of 1962. The Australian awards offered in the United Kingdom are normally open to men and women students under the age of 28 whose homes are in this country and who are citizens of the United Kingdom or some other Commonwealth country. Emoluments will cover return fares, fees, a living allowance of £A800 per annum plus an additional allowance of £A200 under certain conditions for married men, and other expenses. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1, with whom applications must be lodged not later than 31 December 1961.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

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PERSONAL

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PARIS: small flat available 23 Dec.-2 Jan. incl. £10. CHE. 3934 evenings.

SCHOOL requires experienced teacher able to spare large room to organise classes for small group French students, and help with outings and finding family accommodation July and/or August 1962. Greater London or South Coast. Box 7228.

ARTIST using 4-bedroom 14th Century wing of country manor weekends offers share. £3 10s. p.w. Box 6956.

NIHILIST, waiting for the bomb to drop, wishes to correspond with others on how to exist in the meantime. Box 7252.

PERSONAL—continued

LONG Term Volunteers with health visiting qualifications and French-speaking ability urgently needed to develop the work already undertaken by International Voluntary Service on behalf of the severely stricken hurricane victims in Mauritius. In liaison with the Mauritian Ministry of Labour the new volunteers will be required to provide a health visiting service for the camps in which thousands of victims have been living for more than eighteen months. Contracts will be for eighteen months. Fares, clothing allowance, accommodation, pocket money and full insurance will be provided. Write for details to the General Secretary, International Voluntary Service, 72 Oakley Square, London, NW1.

HENDON Technical College offers a one year's full-time course in Personnel Management for graduates and others commencing September 1962. Apply to the Principal of the College, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4. (HENdon 6061).

SPEAK better English: foreigners and natives. Marjorie Clayton LRAM. PRImrose 2538 after 6.

PLEASE help Danilo Dolci's work in Sicily. Christmas cards 6s. dozen post free. Details and sample card 6d. 29 Gt James Street, WC1.

HAMPSTEAD Christmas Fair Exhibition by self-help group of young artists. Paintings, pottery, sculpture, textiles, jewellery. Admission free, every evening 6-9 and all day Saturdays; Sun. 11-3, until Christmas, at Well Walk Pottery, 49 Willow Road, NW3. Coffee served.

LONDON NLR Club. Members' Christmas Party in newly opened Partisan, Monday 11 December. Please note.

POETRY as Shared Experience: 5 Jan. week-end at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 12 Jan. 'The Family in Urban Society'.

IF L-R is missing, there are always the Buff Book & the Guardian (Sats, alt. weeks) which have my address (30 Abbey Gardens) & telephone number (MAI. 3200). Anthony Panting, photographer.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical, Chesnakov. 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA 4354

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7 KNIghtsbridge 7323.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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SCHOOL

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LECTURES etc.—continued from p.864

'THE Humanist Frame' and the Critics. Richard Clements OBE, Sun., 3 Dec., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. H. J. Blackham BA, on Epicurus, His Philosophy in 1961. Tues. 5 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Discussion. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, WC1.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Dudley Glass MA: 'Inspiration in the Sunburnt Country'. 8.30 tonight 1 Dec. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

HOUSE Meeting on Taiwan. Derek Bryan and Jack Dribbon. Chairman: Prof. A. Carey-Taylor. Sunday 3 Dec 7.30 p.m. 118 Finchley Rd (opp. John Barnes). Refreshments. Hampstead BCFA.

THE London Society of Jews and Christians. 'Jewish and Christian Attitudes towards the Affluent Society'. Speakers: Rabbi Dr Kopul Rosen, The Rev. Dr Daniel Jenkins. Chairman: The Rev. I. Livingstone. Thurs. 7 December at 7 p.m. at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St (almost opp. Selfridges), Oxford St, W1. All are welcome.

'KARMA, the Law of Freedom'. Public lecture, 3 Dec., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Saturday, 2 Dec., 3 p.m. Young People's Group. Library of over 3,000 books on Buddhism & related subjects free to members. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

'PSYCHOTHERAPY – what is its aim?', H. Guntrip Ph.D. (Leeds Univ.), Tues. 5 Dec., 7.30 p.m., 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. Progressive League; details Dec. activities, send s.a.e.: Pope, 45 Claremont Rd, E7.

'PROBLEMS of Sex' – Dr Philip Bloom at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat. 2 Dec., 2.45. Hampstead Humanist Soc.

MAHARISHI Mahesh Yogi's simple system of deep meditation. A key to peace and happiness within. Apply for details: Spiritual Regeneration Movement, Suite 4, 22 South Molton Street, W1.

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1962-63

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Applicants must be over 25 years and must have an Honours Degree in Psychology, or equivalent psychological qualification, together with teaching experience. Grants may be available to suitably qualified candidates. It is open to Local Authorities to second staff with full salary under the Ministry of Education Circular 160.

Further particulars, with form to be returned by 2 January 1962, from the National Association for Mental Health (Education Department), 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Enguerrand Quarton and the painting in Avignon about 1450' will be delivered by Professor Charles Sterling (New York and the Musée du Louvre) at 5.30 p.m. on 6 and 7 December at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ADVANCE Notice. 'Neutralism and the Political Strategy of CND' is the subject of London Region's Weekend School at Hastings, Friday, 19 Jan. to Sunday, 21 Jan. Cost £2 17s. 6d. inclusive. Accommodation limited, so apply early to London Region CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others) Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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In this way, everyone, men and women alike, builds up the spiritual life of the Meeting. Some may also contribute spoken messages, prayers or readings. All will be refreshed and empowered by the experience of communion with each other and with God.

This experiment in lay Christianity does not end with worship on Sunday—it continues throughout the week. Religion is to be expressed in work and leisure, and in relationship with people of all creeds, classes and colours.

Quakers endeavour to keep their minds 'open to new light from whatever quarter it may arise.' They like to think for themselves on religious matters. While holding strong convictions they seek to be tolerant of the views of others. In their search for truth they try to apply their Christian faith to daily life as well as to contemporary problems.

If you feel in sympathy with this approach to religion you may like to know more. We will gladly send literature, and if you wish it, put you in touch with your nearest Quaker Meeting.

The Friends Home Service Committee
THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
Room C, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

4 Dec. at 7.00	Aida
5 Dec. at 7.30	The Queen of Spades
6 & 8 Dec. at 7.30	The Silent Woman

THE ROYAL BALLET

7 Dec. at 7.30	Les Sylphides, Petrushka, Les Patineurs
9 Dec. at 2.15 & 7.30	The Sleeping Beauty

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Ends 9 Dec. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Obs., 'See it for yourself', N. Stm.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The Cupboard'. Members.

IN-STAGE: 'The Removal' by C. Marowitz, Fri., 1 Dec., Sun., 3 Dec. No. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1. 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset'. 6 & 8.40. Last week.

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885). World Prem. 'Come Closer And Look' by Jocelyn Scott. 11-16 Dec., 7.45 p.m. Members only. Membership 7s. 6d. per year.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, St. 5, 8.15. Th. 2.30. 'The Keep' by Gwyn Thomas.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) Ionesco's 'The Killer' (London prem.) 1-9 Dec., 7.30. (Mems 3 Dec. at 7).

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'And Him Stretched' by Patrick Galvin. F, S, Sn. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Ah Wilderness' by Eugene O'Neill, 11 Dec. at 7.30; 12, 13 Dec. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'Ivanov' by Anton Chekhov, 15 Dec. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'The Provoked Wife' by Sir John Vanbrugh, 16 Dec. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'Frost at Midnight' by André Obey, 18 Dec. at 7.30. Adm. free.

CONCERT

ANDREA Chenier, a recorded opera in 4 acts by Umberto Giordano. A Voice of America recording of a broadcast performance by the Metropolitan Opera, with Richard Tucker, Renata Tebaldi, Martha Lipton, Ettore Bastianini, et al. Conducted by Fausto Cleva. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 6 Dec., 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Vanessa Redgrave, Kenneth Williams, Mai Zetterling, Kenneth McClellan, members of the cast of 'Fings', are among those appearing in

'EVERYBODY SIT',

St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday 17 Dec. at 7.30.

Apply to join CND Stage Club, 5 Caledonian Road, N1, enclosing 2s., and you can buy up to four tickets. Tickets (in advance only): 40s., 20s., 10s., 6s., 4s.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until 3 Dec.: 'My Apprenticeship' (U). From 4 Dec.: 'My Universities' (A).

READING: Pete Brown, Anselm Hollo, Adrian Mitchell; American poets. North Finchley Library, Ravensdale Ave, N12. 2 December, 7.30.

DANCE Recital Ernest Berk, Harold Lester piano. 12 December, 7.30, Palace Theatre, Watford.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sat. 2 Dec., 8.30-11 p.m. Dancing to Bill Pike's Melody Men. Admission Members 5s. Non-Members 7s. 6d. Licensed Bar.

EXHIBITIONS

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

TOWARDS LIVING COLOUR AND FORM

29 November-13 December 1961

Exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, SW1. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays & Fridays 12-8 p.m. Wednesdays 12-6 p.m. Saturdays & Sundays 12-5 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED – The Leda Suite, Sidney Nolan's eight limited edition Lithographs at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Nolan (The Leda Suite), also Picasso, Bores, Deaudin, Bott, Boyd, Bratby, Erni, Epstein, Piper, Sutherland, Tunnard etc.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091 'Music in Painting' A Christmas Exhibition featuring Paintings with a musical theme. Keyboard and Early Stringed Instruments. 4 December 1961-15 January 1962.

LARIONOV and Goncharova. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 16 Dec., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues, Thurs, 10-8. Admission 2s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Henry Lamb Memorial Exhibition and etchings and lithos by 19th and 20th Century Masters. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture and Picture Fair, works by Arp, Piper, Chadwick etc. Until 13 December. Admission free. ICA Library, Roger Mayne – Portrait of Southam Street.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, London, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Raja Klein, Gerald Moore & Diana Webbe. 4 Dec.-23 Dec. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

TANGANYIKA Independence Exhibition. Commonwealth Institute. Until 31 Dec. Adm. free. Wkdays 10-4.30, Suns 2.30-6.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent Paintings: Leon Zack. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

PAINTINGS by Barbara Barker, 'L'Artisan', 10 Canonbury Place, London, N1. 9-7 p.m. 2-16 December.

COUNTY Town Gallery, Priory Street, Lewes. Duoprints and Paintings: Margery May. 2-23 December. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Adjacent to Lewes Station.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Rezvani – Paintings, Reliefs. Until 13 January. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Structures by Gilbert, paintings by Nemours. Private view 1 December. Until 22 December.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes' Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

AMERICAN Folk Art, 20 Nov. through Dec. USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Grosvenor Sq., W1. Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

NEW London Gallery 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Derek Hill: A retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1938-1961. 23 November to 31 December Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and 23 to 26 December inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CRANE Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, SW3: 19th & 20th Century Paintings – Vlaminck, Marquet, Van Dongen, Utrillo, Soutine, Dufy, Jawlensky, Ernst, Borès, until 9 Dec. 10-7. Saturday 10-4.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies Street, W1. Anatoli Kaplan: lithographs, The World of Sholem Aleichem & scenes, tales, songs of Russian Provincial life. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 9.30-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond St, W1. Loan Exhibition of Victorian Painting, 1837-1887. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English and French artists. Weekdays 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

RAWINSKY Gallery, 10 Newburgh St, W1. Christmas Show of Original Works by Twenty Artists, between £6 and £60. Open till 8 Thursdays.

MOLTON Gallery – Robyn Denny – recent paintings. 15 Nov.-9 Dec. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath Street, corner of Perrins Walk, NW3. Ishbel McWhirter – recent paintings and drawings. Until 16 Dec. Open weekdays 1-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders Daily 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1, Sat 10-7

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

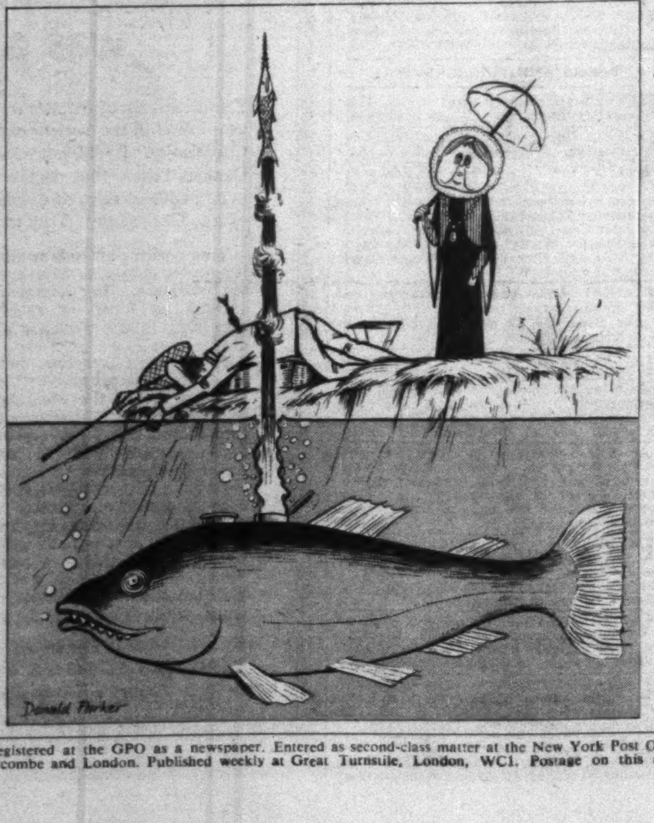
EYE WITNESS IN CUBA

Friday 8 December, 7.30 p.m. NUR Assembly Hall, 205 Euston Rd.

Five short films including 'Death to the Invader'. Reports on visits by Manuela Sykes, Clive Jenkins. Adm. 1s. at door

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP
Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1, at 7.15 p.m.
COLOUR AND FORM IN LIVING NATURE
by George Adams
Wednesday, 6 December 1961
Admission 2s. Students 1s.

'WILLIAMSBURGH Restored', a detailed film account of the restoration of the colonial capital in Virginia. Also, 'Winterthur – an Adventure in the Past', a repeat showing of the du Pont collection of American antiques housed in the Winterthur Museum near Wilmington, Delaware. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 7 December, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.



LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

London New Left Review Club
THEATRE SYMPOSIUM
Robert Bolt, Norman Fruchter, John McGrath, Charles Marowitz, Tom Milne
The Asquith Room, ACTT, 2 Soho Square, W1.
Mon. 4 December, 8 p.m.
Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

'THE Forgotten Prisoners', Peter Benenson speaks. Wed. 6 Dec., 8.30. Burgh House, Flask Walk, Hampstead, NW3.

POLICIES for Peace. Liberal Party & Peace Pledge Union Discussion. Mon. 4 Dec., 7.45 p.m. 16 Westbourne Pk Rd, W2.

ANTHONY Crosland MP on Education, South Kensington Labour Party. All welcome. Kensington Library, Hornton St, 8 p.m., Wed. 6 Dec. Membership enquiries to Cllr M. J. Barber, 20 Elvaston Place, SW7. (KNI. 9860).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Stuart Hall on The New Left. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 6 Dec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Sec., 23 Shelley Crescent, Southall, Middx.

YOUNG Fabian Group: AGM (10.45 a.m.) and Day School on Cuba (12 a.m.) Sat. 9 Dec. ACTT, 2 Soho Sq., Spkrs: Joan Robinson and others. Party after.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Coventry, Friends Meeting House, Hill St, 7.30, Mon. 4 Dec.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place, 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 3 Dec., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Christian Ethic?': Virginia Flemming.

'DU Magicien-Rebouteux aux Hommes en Blanc' by Docteur André Soubiran. Institut Français, Queensberry Pl., SW7. Thurs. 7 December, 6.15 p.m. Adm. free.

MARXISM Today Forum. Monopoly and The Ruling Class. Openers of Discussion: J. E. Mortimer, Leading Trade Unionist and Sam Aaronovitch, author of 'The Ruling Class'. Monday 4 Dec., 7.30, Friends Meeting Hse, Euston Rd. Adm. 1s. 6d

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Jazz', Monday 4 December, 8 p.m. Vic Bellerby – Miscellaneous Dukes. Bill Colyer – Bessie Smith Recital. Tuesday 5 Dec., 8.15 p.m. 'Should Tax Remission Aid Art?' Speakers: Richard Wollheim, Ronald Alley, Nancy Balfour. Chairman: Sir John Summerson. Members 2s., Non-Members 3s. 6d.

ILP Forum. Don Bateman opens on 'Return Visit to Yugo-Slavia', Fri. 8 Dec., Friends House, Euston Rd, 7.30.

'SWEDEN – the Model Society?' Eight talks on Sweden. Third talk, Tuesday, 5 December 1961; at 8 p.m. at the Library of the Swedish Church, 8 Harcourt Street, London, W1. Mr H. Senkowski: An Architect Looks at Swedish Housing (with slides). Arranged by the Anglo-Swedish Society. Admission free. Non-members welcome.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 1 Dec., 8 p.m. D. Sinor (Cambridge Univ.): 'Mongol Invasion of Eastern Europe with special ref. to Russia'. Chairman: Arthur Waley. Fri. 8 Dec., 8 p.m. Prof. A. I. Efimov (Moscow Univ.): 'Pushkin's role in development of culture of Russian speech' (in Russian with translation).

ADLERIAN Society. 'Fifty Years of Individual Psychology', Paul Rom, L-ès-L, DES. Tues. 5 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1 (St James's Pk Und. Stn) Visitors welcome, 2s. 6d. (students 1s.).

'WALT Whitman and American Studies in Britain', a lecture by Douglas Grant, Professor of American Literature at Leeds University. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 5 December, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PIERO Heliczer: reading his poems. Sat. 9 Dec., 8 p.m. 20 D'Arblay St, Soho.

ELITE groups: Dr S. Andreski. Fri. 8 Dec., 7.30. Intern. Friends Centre, 32 Tavistock Square. Adm. 2s. 6d. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq., SW1. Lecture by Dn José Hierro on 'Poesía social' on 6 December at 6 p.m.

J. C. LOUDON and the Romantic Movement in Landscape Gardening: illus. talk by L. J. Fricker. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1 (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave). Mon. 4 Dec., 8.30 p.m. (Arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs. 7 Dec. 'The Nature of Knowledge'. Admission free.

FRIENDS House, Euston Road, NW1. Sunday, 3 December, at 6.30 p.m. 'Above All Nations' International Music and readings for Advent presented by Members of Friends International Centre.

THE New Jewish Society invites you to see 'We are the Lambeth Boys' and 'Time Out of War' on Wednesday, 6 December in the Edith Kemsley Room, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1, at 8 p.m. Programme starts promptly at 8.15 p.m. Admission to guests: 3s. 6d.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.863

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